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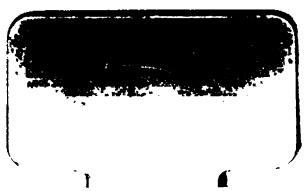
THE LEE READERS

FOURTH BOOK

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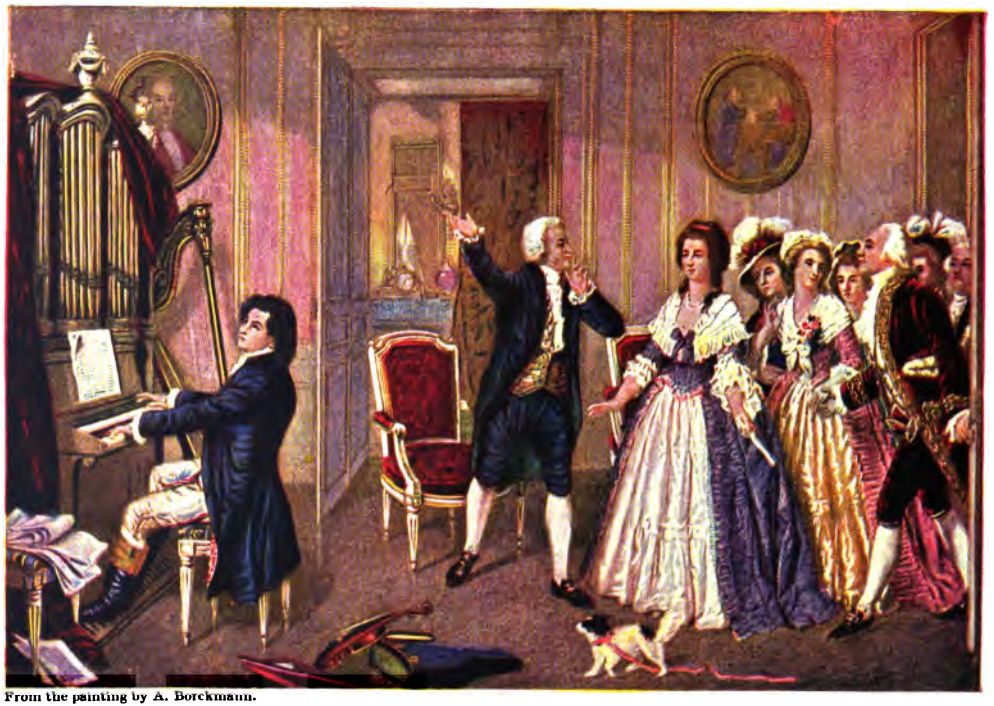
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From the painting by A. Borckmann.

BEETHOVEN AT THE HOME OF MOZART

THE LEE READERS

FOURTH BOOK

BY

EDNA HENRY LEE



NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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MARCH 17, 1927

THE PLAN OF THE LEE READERS

The aim of the author is twofold:

First, to represent the best literature and best thought of the South, assigning it due place in our national life and literature.

Second, to give, in a carefully graded basal series of readers, a definite, practical, progressive plan of study of literature, art, and nature.

	Literature	*Mythology and History*	*Nature Study*	*Art*
1	Æsop Fables	King of Winds Washington Lee	Study of Familiar Plants and Animals	Pictures for Study
2	Æsop Grimm Brothers	Indian Myths Greek Myths Columbus Washington Cherokee Life Eskimo Life	Domestic Animals Food Plants	English Art: Reynolds Landseer
3	J. C. Harris Stevenson Andersen Longfellow	Indian Myths Greek Myths William Tell Pocahontas Lee	Bird Neighbors Audubon Clothing Materials Flower Neighbors	French Art: Bonheur Millet
4	Page "Lewis Carroll" Hawthorne Tennyson De Foe	Norse Mythology Franklin Jackson Hobson	Butterflies Tree Neighbors Study of Stars	Italian Art: Raphael Michael Angelo
5	Lanier Irving Dickens Poe Goldsmith Prescott Scott Shakespeare	Greek Mythology Tale of Troy Webster, Clay, Calhoun Mexico Bismarck Elizabeth	Edison Agassiz Forest Preservation	Greek Art

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

TO THE CHILDREN

WHEN you come to the Fourth Reader, you should be able to recognize words at sight, to pronounce them correctly and distinctly, to understand the author's meaning, and to render it in a pleasant, natural voice so as to make other people understand and enjoy it. Are there any of these things that you fail to do? Try to discover and correct your faults and try to improve day by day.

While reading, you should sit or stand erect and breathe naturally. Deep, full breaths through the nostrils are good for the health as well as for the voice. Learn to let your voice come from the lungs instead of from the vocal cords. When we use the vocal cords too much, the voice is shrill and harsh on the higher notes, and the throat muscles soon become tired and are, perhaps, strained and diseased. The lung tone is deeper and fuller; instead of injuring the vocal organs, it benefits them and the general health.

You must learn to use, as well as to produce, your voice properly. Practice exercises in enunciation and emphasis; but when you read, think not of enunciation and emphasis, but of the author's meaning, and try to convey it to others.

Even more important than learning how to read, is learning what to read. It would be better for you never to know one letter or word from another than to read bad books. There are bad books which teach false, wicked thoughts; there are other books which are bad just because they are not good. To read such books is like putting poisonous plants or weeds in a field where good grain should grow.

This book is to help you learn what to read as well as how to read. You are here told some of the great world stories famous in art and literature. All the stories — except two which are from books you will like better when you are older — are chosen from the classics of the juvenile world. When you read a selection that you like, try to get the book from which it is taken and read the whole. There is on page 351 a list of some books which you may read with pleasure and profit. Every child is better and happier for having such friends as Tom and Arthur, Madam Liberality, Jackanapes, the Two Little Confederates, and those other boys and girls of storyland. As you read about them, admiring their truth, patience, courage, and generosity, may you yourself grow wiser, happier, and better.

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ENUNCIATION

Speak clearly if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall. — HOLMES

Practice pronouncing vowel and consonant sounds separately, clearly, forcibly. Remember that you must open the mouth and move the lips in order to pronounce distinctly. Practice these vowels **ā, ah, o͞o, — o͞o, ah, ā, — ah, ā, o͞o.**

Pronounce distinctly, but do not accent, the vowels in unaccented syllables: —

every	belief	mountain	history
real	several	appetite	usual

Do *not* pronounce silent vowels; as *e* before final *n* in participles and in most other words: —

given	laden	woven	beaten

Give each unaccented vowel its correct, unaccented sound: —

workmen	goodness	ignorant	silent
workman	pocket	potato	picture

Distinguish between different vowel sounds: —

rule	man	good	basket
tube	master	hoof	calm

Pronounce distinctly initial consonants: —

brag	skip	thwart	spring
drop	smile	three	scream
glad	whip	splash	shrink

Pronounce the final consonants of a syllable or word: —

friend	insects	nest	lifts
risk	looking	nests	tempts

Separate the final sound of one word from the initial sound of the next: —

rocks and	ripe peach	both those
rolled on	breathes softly	silk gown

Notice your own reading, and see which of these things you fail to do. Make out lists of words under each of the above rules on which you need practice.

TONE, EMPHASIS, AND INFLECTION

Read these sentences so as to render their meaning as naturally and as forcibly as you can : —

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

"I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"I said an elder soldier, not a better."

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close."

"'Silence!' in undertones they cry,
'No whisper — not a breath —
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh,
Shall sentence thee to death.'"

"Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name, —
'Bobolink, bobolink, spink, spank, spink!'"

"Hark! from yonder tower
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour."

"And the little girl with golden hair
And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hills and Georgia's plain,
Were fatherless that night."

"We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower. She gathers sweets from it, but does not injure it."

"Come over, come over the river to me!"

"'Quickstep! forward! march!' cried a gruff voice."

"'Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said."

Have you seen Mary to-day? No, I have not.
Have *you* seen Mary to-day? No, but Dora has.
Have you *seen* Mary to-day? No, but I have heard from her.
Have you seen *Mary* to-day? No, but I saw Rose.
Have you seen Mary *to-day?* No, I saw her yesterday.

FOURTH READER

NANCY PANSY AND HARRY[1]

By Thomas Nelson Page

(See biographical sketch on page 154)

One afternoon Nancy Pansy was playing in the yard when some Federal soldiers came along the street, and before them rode a strange, cross-looking man with a beard. Tom Adams was marching with the soldiers, and he did not look at all pleased. They stopped at the old doctor's gate, and the strange man trotted up to her place and asked Nancy Pansy if she knew Captain Harry Hunter.

"Yes, indeed," said Nancy Pansy, going up to the fence and poking her little rosy face over it; "Harry's a major now."

"Ah! Harry's a major now, is he?" said the strange man.

Nancy Pansy went on to tell him how her doll Harry was named after the other Harry, and how she was all broken now; but the officer was intent on something else.

"Where is Harry now?" he asked her.

"In the house," and she waved her hand toward the old doctor's house behind her.

[1] From "Among the Camps," copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"So, so," said the officer, and went back to Tom Adams, who looked annoyed, and said, "I don't believe it; there's some mistake."

At this the strange man got angry and said, "Lieutenant Adams, if you don't want the rebel caught, you can go back to camp."

How angry Tom was! His face got perfectly white, and he said: "Major Black, you are my superior, or you wouldn't dare to speak so to me. I have nothing to say now, but some day I'll outrank you."

Nancy Pansy did not know what they were talking about, but she did not like the strange man at all. So when he asked her, "Won't you show me where Harry is?" at first she said, "No," and then, "Yes, if you won't hurt Harry."

"No, indeed," said the man.

As Tom Adams was there she was not afraid. So she went outside the gate and on into the old doctor's yard, followed by the soldiers and Tom Adams, who still looked angry, and told her she'd better run home. Some of the soldiers went around behind the house. "Where is he?" the strange gentleman asked.

"Asleep upstairs in the company room," said Nancy Pansy, in a whisper. "You mustn't make any noise."

She opened the door, and they entered the house, Nancy Pansy on tiptoe and the others stepping softly.

She was surprised to see the strange man draw a pistol; but she was used to pistols, so, though Tom Adams told her again to run home, she stayed there.

"Which is the company room?" asked the strange man. She pointed to the door at the head of the steps. "That's it."

He turned to the soldiers. "Come ahead, men," he said, in a low voice, and ran lightly up the stairs, looking very fierce. When he reached the door he seized the knob and dashed into the room. Then Nancy Pansy heard him say some naughty words, and she ran up the stairs to see what was the matter.

They were all standing around the big bed on which she had laid her doll Harry an hour before, with her head on a pillow. But a jerk of the counterpane had thrown Harry over on her face, and her broken neck and ear looked very bad.

"Oh, you've waked her up!" cried Nancy Pansy, rushing forward and turning the doll over.

The strange man stamped out of the room, looking perfectly furious, and the soldiers all laughed. Tom Adams looked pleased.

Find these words in this story, and use them in sentences. If you do not know what they mean, look them up in the word list at the end of the book and select the definitions which give the meaning here.

intent lieutenant superior outrank furious

POOR SUSAN

By William Wordsworth

Wordsworth was an English poet. He wrote chiefly for grown people, but children love "Lucy Gray," "We Are Seven," "The Pet Lamb," and others of his poems.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud, — it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade, —
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes.

THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY

At the edge of a great cotton field was a hedge row. There among wild plum trees and briers grew a milkweed plant. If you had looked at it one day, you might have seen some pale greenish yellow eggs glued to the under side of a tender leaf.

"Eggs!" do you say? "Pray what kind of eggs could we find on a milkweed leaf? Why, even the smallest eggs of my little bantam would be too large to put there."

That may be. But you must not think that fowls are the only things that lay eggs, or that no one except you and me likes them for breakfast.

These eggs had been on the leaf only four or five days when they were found by Mrs. Spider, who lived next door in the wild plum tree. She would have eaten them then and there, but she had just dined on a fine fat fly. So she told her children that they would have eggs for breakfast.

The next morning when they came to the milkweed leaf, lo! there were no eggs to be seen. Instead there were some odd-looking little caterpillars, or larvæ, with green bodies and jet-black heads.

"I certainly saw eggs," said Mrs. Spider. "It must have been on another leaf. Well, tender young caterpillars are very good food."

And the spider family ate so heartily that only one little caterpillar escaped them by crawling on the upper side of the leaf.

He was a greedy little fellow. He hardly seemed to miss his brothers and sisters as day after day he fed on milkweed leaves. Perhaps he said to himself, "I must hurry and grow too big to be the prey of hungry bugs or spiders."

He ate and ate until his little green coat grew tight and uncomfortable. Then he wandered about restlessly for awhile, and at last hung still on a leaf. All at once his skin burst open along the middle of the back. Off dropped his old coat and out he crawled in a new, larger one.

For two or three weeks he continued to eat milkweed leaves, stopping three or more times to change his coat, or moult. Then he was a full-grown caterpillar, with a handsome coat of yellow striped with black.



But, after all, he was only a poor crawler in the dust. Better to be the plainest little gray-brown bird with the wonderful gift of wings. Happy, above all, must be those beautiful creatures, the butterflies, floating through the air like winged flowers. Was it thought of these things that made the caterpillar grow so restless?

He crawled at last from his milkweed plant to a stump near by. Here he spun a tuft of silk. In this he tangled his hind legs and let go with the other legs and hung downward. His skin contracted and hardened, and there formed around him a beautiful green, gold-dotted case. He was still, — so very still that you might have thought him dead. But no! in stillness and darkness he was making ready for a wonderful new life.



In a few days out came from the chrysalis case, not a caterpillar, but a butterfly. He was a large, handsome fellow, with orange-red wings bordered with black and spotted with white. What a wonderful change from the crawler in the dust to the most beautiful of all the children of the air!

The butterfly waved his wings to and fro for awhile. Then he flew forth in the bright sunshine. When he was hungry he poised himself above a blossom, unrolled the long tongue which he carried under his chin coiled like a watch spring, and fed on

the blossom's sweets. It was a happy life that he led, flitting from flower to flower.

As he basked in the sunshine did he listen to a wise old butterfly telling about family affairs?

"No wonder we are called monarchs," she said, waving her wings to and fro. "Few are our butterfly cousins that have such wide domains and such power of flight. We are true Americans, at home from Canada to Patagonia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But we go in great flocks all over the world wherever is found the milkweed plant on which our larvæ feed.

"Hundreds of miles across the sea our broad wings bear us, thousands of miles we go on steamship or sailing vessel. We have gone east to England. We have crossed the Pacific and taken peaceful possession of the Philippines.

"In flocks of many thousands, we are seen going southward in the fall. Some butterfly students think that we emigrate, like birds, to winter in the Gulf States and the tropics, — but that they do not know. Perhaps some day the sharp eyes of boys and girls watching will find out where we spend the winter."

Words for study: —

larvæ	contracted	poised
moult	chrysalis	emigrate

Exercise

Can you not find a milkweed caterpillar and rear it? Put it in a glass jar with a little earth and twigs in the bottom and tie thin cloth over the top.

Feed it every day with fresh milkweed leaves. Do not give oak or apple or other leaves, thinking they will do as well. Most caterpillars will starve rather than eat any other leaves than those which are their natural food.

How does a caterpillar differ from a worm?

How many legs has a caterpillar? Are they all alike?

Do caterpillars change color?

Why are so many green?

Where do butterflies get their food?

Do butterflies do any good?

Do they do any harm?

Draw a larva or caterpillar; a chrysalis; a butterfly.

Did you ever hear of a tame butterfly? A butterfly lover says that he once kept one through the winter among his flowers.

Do you see butterflies at night or in the day?

When do moths fly about?

Watch butterflies and moths and tell some ways in which they are unlike. In what ways are they alike?

Tent caterpillars come from eggs laid by a reddish brown moth which flies about our lights at night. They pitch their waterproof tents in a tree, often apple or cherry, and soon eat all the leaves. At night or on rainy days they are in their tents. That is the best time to destroy them and save the trees.

Upon his painted wings, the butterfly
Roamed, a gay blossom of the sunny sky. — Clark

TO A BUTTERFLY

By William Wordsworth

I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! — and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now!

Words for study: —

motionless weary sanctuary

What other poems of Wordsworth's have you read?
Which do you like best?

LITTLE FRIENDS IN FAIRYLAND

By Edith M. Thomas

Miss Thomas is an American poet. "In Sunshine Land," from which this poem is taken, is a charming book of poems for children.

When I was a child I used to roam
In wonderful regions, though near at home;
For I feigned that the Queen of Fairyland
Made me a knight, by the stroke of her wand —
A knight whose mission it was to seek
And rescue the captive and the weak,
Wherever I found them in her domain,
Bind up their wounds and relieve their pain!

Now the cat, that under the trumpet vine lay,
Was a tiger that crouched for a royal prey, —
For the humming bird, with his ruby gem,
Was heir to a fairy diadem!
So I drove Grimalkin far away,
And the bird flew back to his mother fay.

If a fly was caught in a net of gauze,
The spider a wicked enchanter was, —
So I broke the net, and the fly went free;
But if ever the spider I chanced to see
Adrift on the stream — a luckless rover —
With a leaf for a raft, I helped him over.

If a honeybee fell by the way, overladen,
I saw in her a patient maiden,
One of the toilers that gather nectar
For my queen and her court, so I must protect her!
So I made a staff of a stem of grass,
And helped to her feet the fairy lass.

If I met a tortoise, clumsy and slow,
I took him along where he wished to go.
If a merry hopper by chance was lamed,
If a grig by some careless foot was maimed,
A litter of leaves I quickly made,
And carried the sufferer into the shade.

So I traveled abroad, the long summer days,
In the wonderful realm of the Queen of Fays.
Though I never came yet to the court of the queen,
I have heard her voice, her smile I have seen!
Her voice, in the whispering leaves, I have heard,
In the hum of insect and twitter of bird;
And her smile with the sunny landscape blends,
And all of her subjects are my true friends.

Words for study: —

feigned	diadem	fay	rover	maimed
knight	grimalkin	grig	heir	realm

y preceded by a consonant becomes *i* when an addition is made to the word, unless that addition begins with *i*: —

fairy	fairies	plenty	plentiful	merry	merrier

SISTY'S DOMINO BOX

FROM "THE CAXTONS," BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Bulwer Lytton was an English novelist and poet. This story is from one of his novels which, as a whole, is not interesting to young readers.

I

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf, blue-and-white flower pot, which had been set on the window sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments sputtered up around my father's legs.

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch, "my poor flower pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

"Oh," said my mother, mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May, — I would rather the best tea set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to show signs of attention, and cried promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy; it was I!"

"You? how could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. O Primmins!"

Primmins began to sob.

"Don't tell fibs, nursey," said a small, shrill voice; and Master Sisty, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly, "don't scold Primmins, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flower pot."

"Hush!" said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking toward my father, who had taken off his hat and was regarding the scene with serious eyes wide awake.

"Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? Speak!" — this in a whisper — "or pa will be so angry!"

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss; don't fret."

"No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower pot on purpose."

"Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up.

Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun," said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me; do beat me!"

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong: you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear! Oh! Mrs. Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him, we part for ever!"

Not long after this a gentleman gave me a beautiful, large domino box in cut ivory, painted, and gilt. This domino box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day, when he found me ranging my dominoes in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma were to throw that box out of the window and break it, for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of

could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium and a beautiful white-and-blue flower pot, and you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window sill."

"Indeed I would!" said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions — good actions mend bad actions."

So saying, he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant. But I know that I played with dominoes no more that day.

II

The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to town. Will you come? and, by the by, fetch your domino box: I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box, and not a little proud of walking with my father upon the high-road, we set out.

"Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why — how then can my domino box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good

carries two fairies about with him, — one here," and he touched my heart, — "and one here," and he touched my forehead.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, my son."

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium.

"Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"

"Only seven shillings and sixpence," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he, gently, and he walked out.

On entering the town, we stopped again at a china-ware house. "Have you a flower pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one marked three shillings and sixpence. Yes, that is just the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, Master Sisty. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had drooped before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my

father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in country towns, who sell all kinds of pretty toys and knickknacks. "And by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the entry, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that workbox. Show your domino box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations. "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of these pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that sum? Well, my boy, whenever you grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium, we can buy the flower pot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pockets.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes. "You have found the two fairies."

Oh! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window sill, I plucked my mother by the gown and made her follow me to the spot.

"It is his doing, and his money," said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all, "and your poor domino box that you were so fond of! We will go to-morrow and buy it back, if it costs us double."

"Shall we buy it back, Sisty?" asked my father.

"Oh no, no, no! It would spoil all," I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child, — the sanctity and happiness of self-sacrifice. Undo not what it should teach to his dying day."

Words for study: —

I. delf	ranging	sixpence	liberal
trice	beseechingly	knickknacks	commendations
scene	II. shilling	entry	sanctity

Change these words so as to make them mean more than one: —

fable	person	story	wife
porch	domino	fairy	life

LITTLE BOY BLUE[1]

By Eugene Field

Mr. Field was an American author. He wrote several volumes of prose and verse for grown people, and some charming poems and stories for children.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamed of the pretty toys:
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,

[1] From "With Trumpet and Drum." Copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Words for study: —

aye sturdy stanch passing

A MAD TEA PARTY

FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND," BY LEWIS CARROLL

(See biographical sketch on page 44)

I

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some jam," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all around the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any jam," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.



"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least, I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled; "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

II

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English.

"I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily.

"I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

"I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully; "but then I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully.

"Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March —just before *he* went mad, you know—" pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare; "it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

"'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter, with a sigh, "it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter, "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

III

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice; "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do," added Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse, "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse and repeated her question.

"Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went, "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily re-

marked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt you again; I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know."

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change, and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously, "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M — "

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on, "— that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps and the moon and memory and muchness; you know you say things are 'much of a muchness,' —did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think — "

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off.

The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

Words for study: —

I.	civil	III. proposal	offended	doze
	severity	treacle	sulkily	disgust
	gloomily	extraordinary	humbly	instantly

Write words opposite in meaning to these: —

encouraging	rude	bright	hope
thoughtfully	hot	clean	open

Bright, yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin, dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near. — ALLINGHAM



LEWIS CARROLL

(CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON)

1832–1898

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR

He wrote for children "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," and "Sylvie and Bruno," besides several mathematical treatises. He was an English clergyman and for many years a lecturer in the University of Oxford.

Read "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass."

"The world will think of Lewis Carroll as one who opened out a new vein in literature — a new and delightful vein — which added at once mirth and refinement to life."

There lived years ago in England three sisters who had a delightful friend. He was a grown man, and their father always spoke of him with much respect. Mr. Dodgson, he said, was a great scholar; he taught at the University of Oxford, and he wrote learned books on mathematics.

It was not these which made the children love him — no indeed! They frowned and shook their curls when he talked with their father about dry subjects. But how glad they were to have Mr. Dodgson to themselves!

They liked to look at the beautiful photographs he was so fond of taking, and even to figure in them if he did not ask them to be still too long.

And then Mr. Dodgson was like a Santa Claus who did not limit his visits to once a year. His pockets were stored with toys and picture books. His memory had treasures of riddles and puzzles and stories. Best of all were the wonderful tales which he made up himself.

One summer afternoon Mr. Dodgson took the three sisters on a boating excursion. It was so warm that they landed in a meadow beside the river, and sat down in the shade of a haystack.

"Tell us a story, please," begged one of the sisters.

"Please, please tell us a story," cried the other two.

So Mr. Dodgson began a delightful tale about the

adventures in Wonderland of a little girl, named Alice, for one of them. At the most thrilling part he would pretend to go fast asleep, to the children's great dismay. Sometimes he would say, "And that's all till the next time." "Ah, but it is next time now," they would cry, and after some persuasion he would go on with the story.

It was such a beautiful story that Alice begged to have the tale of Wonderland-Alice written out, so that she might read it over and over again. So Mr. Dodgson made a book called "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Instead of signing his own name to it, he used the pen name, Lewis Carroll.

"Alice's Adventures" became at once a favorite with children and was read and loved by young folks in many lands. Hundreds of children wrote to the author to tell him how much they loved Alice.

Mr. Dodgson was very glad that they liked the story. But the pleasantest thought of all, he said, was that it was a comfort to children in hours of pain and weariness. He sent many copies of the book to hospitals and homes for sick children.

The first Alice-book was followed by another, called "Through the Looking-Glass." Mr. Dodgson afterward wrote "Sylvie and Bruno," "The Hunting of the Snark," and other books for children.

People began to ask questions about the man who

wrote these charming fairy tales. They learned that Lewis Carroll was only his pen name. In real life he was Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

His father was an English clergyman and his childhood home was in the country. He was a shy little fellow who stammered, and he found it easier to make friends with snails and toads than with strange people.

But he was a happy, merry boy, always ready to invent a game or puzzle or conduct a newspaper for his ten brothers and sisters.

When Charles was old enough to leave home he was sent away to school. He was a bright boy who loved study, and his years at the great school of Rugby were, on the whole, very happy. Rugby is the most famous of all English boys' schools. You will read soon "Tom Brown at Rugby," the story of a boy's life there.

From Rugby, Charles Dodgson went to Oxford University. Here he was graduated with honors, and became a tutor and lecturer. In the quiet university town he spent most of his days. He was a hard worker. He would neglect his meals and work most of the night rather than leave a task unfinished.

Among his friends were the poet Tennyson and many other famous people.

Mr. Dodgson's rooms were "a real wonderland for

many a real child." Out of his cupboard came forth for their entertainment musical boxes, mechanical performing bears, picture books, and toys and puzzles of all kinds. No wonder a day spent there seemed to a child like a visit to fairyland.

One of his favorite puzzles was to give children three interlacing squares to draw without going over the same lines or taking the pen from the paper. Can you do it?



Before it was generally known who Lewis Carroll was, Queen Victoria read "Alice's Adventures." She was delighted with the book, and ordered "some other works by the same author." Lo, here came a package containing learned mathematical books. The queen was much surprised to find that Mr. Dodgson, the great mathematician, and Lewis Carroll, the writer of Wonderland stories, were one and the same.

Words for study: —

scholar	excursion	mechanical
university	tutor	interlacing

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

— SHAKESPEARE

ELDORADO

By Edgar Allan Poe

Poe was an American author. He wrote tales, poems, and critical essays. "The Raven," "The Bells," and "The Gold-Bug," and others of his tales and poems, are interesting to young readers.

Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight
In sunshine and in shadow
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him, at length
He met a pilgrim shadow.
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains
Of the moon,
Down the valley of the shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado."

Words for study: —

Eldorado bedight gallant

LOLLO, THE RED PONY

FROM "JACKANAPES," BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Mrs. Ewing was an English author of children's books. She wrote "The Brownies," "Madam Liberality," "The Story of a Short Life," "Mary's Meadow," and many other pleasant, wholesome stories. Perhaps her best book is "Jackanapes," the story of a brave English boy, from which this selection is made.

I

Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the gypsy's son riding the gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright

eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, you rascal?" screamed the gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony, and, oh, the delight of this wild gallop! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so that Jackanapes clung to his neck. He did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the gypsy father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

A few days later Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She told him that his grandfather, the general, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Thank God, I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are — in short you *are* a boy, Jackanapes. And I hope," added Miss Jessamine, "that the general knows that boys will be boys."

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of his smooth, not to burst in at the parlor door, and not to talk at the top of his voice. He was to be sure to say "sir" to the

general, and to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door mat.

The general arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes's hair was as wild as usual. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk with him, as he did with the postman. All that the general felt it would take too long to tell, but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk with Jackanapes.

"Pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in fair-week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop and leaning back in his one of the two armchairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the general, with a twinkle in his left eye. The other was glass.

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"It's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, and eleven pence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman, — *sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now I suppose you've not a penny in your pocket?" said the general.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes, "two pennies. They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at fair times, I suppose?" said the general.

Jackanapes shook his mop.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen, and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the general.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless me, what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little

feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No-o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did, did you? Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the general, slapping the breast of his military frock-coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson, glad you mentioned it."

II

The general was as good as his word. Next morning the gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at the end of the Green in a group. The general talked to the gypsy, and Jackanapes



JACKANAPES AND LOLLO

fondled Lollo's mane and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He stands hardly high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair flew out, and his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears.

Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the gypsy; "you were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and

the light caressing hand; all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that dirty fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the general.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in the two armchairs.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the general himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him, and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy. So you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather bed and stay there? Why, you might be

killed by a thunderbolt, if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think my father knew the gypsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little, too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "I will love you very much, and I will try to be good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. Cavalry, I suppose, eh, ye young Jackanapes? Well, well; if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country — God bless me, it can but break for ye!"

Words for study: —

I.					II.
gypsy	nimble	opportunity	vivid		blast
spurned	pound	honorable	military		swoop

Copy from this story six words that are hard to spell.

Select ten words describing Lollo and use them in a story about him.

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY

By Frank Lebby Stanton

Mr. Stanton is an American poet and journalist. He has written "Songs of Dixie Land," and other volumes of pleasing verse.

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See,
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green,
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisy's breast.

"From the blossomy dells
Where the violet dwells,
The cattle came with their clanging bells,
And rested under my shadows sweet,

And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that lay at my feet.

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses;
But sometimes as soft as a mother's lip presses
The brow of a child on her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves — I was not afraid!
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the warm nest the mother had made!

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses the little ones played;
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black billowy seas,

And they flew to my breast
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the Wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness I stood,
The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might!
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me;
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

Words for study: —

dells	tresses	beauteous
clanging	myriad	shorn

To what are the birds tossed by the breeze likened, or compared?

To what is the falling tree compared? How is it like?

TREE NEIGHBORS

I

What useful friends are the trees! If we are thirsty or hungry they give us fruit — apple, peach, pear, orange, lemon, fig, banana; and nuts — chestnut, walnut, hickory nut, pecan, almond, cocoanut. Do we need shelter? They supply materials for a house and its furniture, even rude vessels for cooking. Are we sick? They provide quinine, camphor, and other drugs. They furnish India rubber for shoes and coats, fiber for cords, cork for bottles, brilliant dyes for fabrics, spices for food, and tar, pitch, and turpentine.

Every year the forest products of the United States bring in a billion dollars — ten times as much as its gold and silver mines. Great as is this sum, it represents only a small part of the benefits from our forests.

Every rootlet absorbs the poisonous carbon dioxide, and every leaf sends out life-supporting oxygen. The trees not only purify the air, they fill it with their own balms and healing fragrance.

Their roots and fallen leaves, like vast sponges, suck up water, and slowly give it out as it is needed. They enrich the soil and make it porous, adapting it more and more to the farmer's uses.

How much beauty trees add to our earth, and how many of our bird friends they provide with happy homes!

These blessings might be preserved for all time by care and judgment in cutting and planting trees, but at the present rate of destruction our forests will be laid waste in less than a quarter of a century. This destruction is due to lack of knowledge of the value of trees to health, crops, and commerce, and to lack of appreciation of their beauties.

Wise people are beginning to see the importance of preserving our forests. In many states Arbor Day is observed and trees are being planted and cared for. Arbor Day comes in Florida on the 7th of February. It is later in more northern states.

Think what it would be to live in a treeless country! There are such, you know. Even in our own country there are great barren plains.

Once some soldiers were sent west to the plains. They spent four years there among sage-brush and sand, never seeing a mountain or a forest. Then they were ordered east. Early one morning the people on the train heard the soldiers cheering.

"What is the matter?" they asked.

"The soldiers are cheering the trees," was the answer.

In the night they had entered a land of trees, and the sun was rising over a grand old Kentucky forest. Do you wonder that the soldiers shouted as they saw the oak trees shining in the sunlight?

They could not have cheered a nobler tree than the oak, the king of the forest. What a strong, sturdy tree it is! And it is useful, even to its ashes. The bark contains a substance called tannin, which is used for tanning leather. Out of the hard, tough, durable wood are built houses, ships, and furniture.

Have you ever seen the blossoms of the oak? Each tree has two kinds. The staminate blossoms are ragged-looking bunches of yellowish-green fringe hanging from the ends of twigs.

The pistillate blossoms are buttons, with slender, pink threads attached to each. They are hard to find, as they are hidden in groups of two or three among clusters of opening leaves. In time these pink buttons become acorns. The white oak blossoms every year, but the red and the black oak require two years to ripen their acorns, so they have blossoms only every other year.

Squirrels and blue jays are very fond of acorns, and often carry them for their feasts far from the trees on which they grew. Sometimes these acorn stores are forgotten, or the hiders die or are killed. The acorns take root, and so a forest is planted.

There are many varieties of oak in the United States — white oak, red oak, black oak, scarlet oak, willow oak, and live oak. Which of these kinds grow near your home?

The live oak grows in our southern states, generally on or near the coast. It has small, glossy, evergreen leaves, somewhat like those of the willow oak.



Its wood is strong and durable, and its branches are often gnarled and bent.

Here is a picture of what is probably the finest live oak in the South. It is on the Ashley River, in South Carolina. The circumference of the trunk at the smallest place below the branches is over twenty-three feet, and the great crooked branches spread out a hundred and twenty feet. The old house near was

built when South Carolina was a British colony. It is said that its site was chosen on account of this tree.

II

Great forests of pines of different varieties are found in all parts of the United States. The Germans call the pine tree by a name which means "needle tree." Do you think this is a good name for it?

The pine belongs to the largest tree family known, being allied to the cedar and the hemlock, and also to the California big trees. You have heard, no doubt, of these great trees which are from three to five hundred feet tall and from twenty to forty feet in diameter.

They are many hundreds of years old. How many men have lived and died, how many nations have risen and fallen, in the lifetime of these forest monarchs!

Our pines, younger and smaller, are still magnificent trees. The white pine, which furnishes much valuable lumber, grows in the northern part of the United States and in Canada.

South of this grow the red and the yellow pine. The yellow pine is a tree of slow growth, which prefers dry, rather sandy soil. The dark, hard wood is valuable for building purposes. The trees are often

cut for sap to make turpentine. If they are cut several years in succession they die.

But the turpentine makers think it easier to stay in one place as long as the trees yield sap than to move their camps. Thus in North Carolina and other states the pines are being needlessly destroyed.



We are losing the beautiful forests and their valuable products of tar, pitch, and turpentine.

More beautiful than the sturdy oak or the tall pine, most beautiful of all our southern trees, is the magnolia, or big laurel, as it is often called. The magnolia grows from Virginia southward, and its smooth stem often rises to a height of seventy or eighty feet.

Among the glossy leaves shine great cream-white,

fragrant blossoms. They look as if a flock of white birds had alighted among the shining, dark foliage.

For many years there stood in Charleston, South Carolina, a beautiful magnolia called "the council tree." During the Revolution a council was held under this tree to decide whether the patriot band should retreat before the British. The tree was held in reverence until about fifty years ago, and then what do you think happened to it? Why, it was cut down for firewood!

Probably the most beautiful trees in the United States are a group of gigantic magnolias in Louisiana. A French lover of trees made a journey to Louisiana to see them. The old man who went with him said: —

"He had never seen a magnolia. I took him through the woods, so that he should not see these giants until he was close upon them. They stand like kings upon a high hill, each one perfect in shape, crowned with flowers, draped in moss from head to foot. The sun shone on them; the wind stirred the moss like silvery veils.

"When the Frenchman saw them he drew his breath and stopped short. Then he went up and put his arms about the trunk of one, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and I — I loved him like a brother!"

Words for study: —

I.				II.
carbon dioxide	staminate	gnarled		diameter
oxygen	pistillate	circumference		patriot
balms	glossy	site		gigantic

Exercise

Draw a leaf and mark parts.

Compare leaves of different kinds of oak.

Compare an oak leaf with a pine needle.

How many pine needles grow in a bunch?

Name four trees the leaves of which are red in fall, two that are yellow, two that are brown.

Collect specimens of different kinds of leaves.

When and why do the leaves fall?

Of what use are leaves to the trees?

Are they of any use after they have fallen?

How many kinds of evergreen trees do you know?

How many trees can you recognize by their leaves?

How many by their bark, color, and manner of branching?

Name a tree that sends branches out horizontally.

Name one the branches of which droop downward.

Name one with branches that grow upward.

Make a list of the kinds of wood used in building and furnishing your schoolhouse.

Make a list of the trees that grow near your home.

What three trees would you plant for fruit? What three for shade and beauty? What three for timber?

What is your favorite tree? Describe it, telling all you can about its size, height, bark, leaves, wood, and use.

Make a picture of it in winter, in summer.

When we plant trees, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us if not for ourselves. — HOLMES

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

Morris was an American poet, the author of several popular short poems.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

Words for study: — cot renown forbear grateful

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue:
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

By Felicia Hemans

Mrs. Hemans was an English poet. The best known of her many poems are the school children's favorites, "Casabianca" and "The Landing of the Pilgrims."

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free.



From the painting by G. H. Boughton

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared; —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

Words for study: —

moored	aisles	soared	serenely
conqueror	anthems	hoary	shrine

A HEBREW SONG OF THANKSGIVING

Psalm 107, 1-9

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.

And He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!

For He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

He who thanks but with the lips
 Thanks but in part;
The full, the true thanksgiving
 Comes from the heart. — SHEDD

ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY

FROM "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY," BY THOMAS HUGHES

Hughes was an English author. "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," from which this selection is taken, is his best-known book. This story of boy life at the great English school of Rugby is deservedly a favorite with all boys.

I

The little fellows went quietly to their own beds and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, among whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off. However, presently with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring, "that's your wash-hand stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water

in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and



began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked around more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed,

sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy. However, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the

others rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

II

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables

turned. Before he died, in the schoolhouse at least, and I believe in the other house, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times.

The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out and then stole out and said his prayers in fear, lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling or sitting or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men. For the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest, a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing that he would stand by that boy through thick

and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room, he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say, the bell mocked him. He was listening for every whisper in the room — what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed. Two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart — the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the

effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

Words for study: —

I. overwhelmed	brutal	form	loathed
novelty	shied	verger	braggart
ablutions	bully	II. leaven	publican

Write six sentences describing the picture on page 78.

Draw a picture to illustrate a scene in this story which you like.

As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say "Yes" or "No" to a challenge to fight, say "No" if you can — only take care you make it clear to yourself why you say "No." It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives.

It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say "No" because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out, and don't give in while you can stand and see.

— HUGHES

THE FIRST SNOW FALL

By James Russell Lowell

Russell was an American poet and prose writer. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and others of his shorter poems, should be familiar to readers young and old.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Words for study: —

gloaming	earl	chanticleer
ermine	Carrara	gradual

Authors make pictures with words as artists do with lines and colors. Describe a picture which this poem shows you.

THE SNOW IMAGE

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

(See biographical sketch on page 101)

I

One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

The elder child was a little girl, whom her parents and other people who were familiar with her used to call Violet.

But her brother was known by the title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

"Yes, Violet; yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother, "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Forth sallied the two children with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but

to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow — an image of a little girl — and it shall be our sister and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes," cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet, "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it.

They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet, for her brother was at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that rest on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snowdrift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweet?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! — come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony, and

then he shouted, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making!"

"What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me and drink some of my warm milk."

"Oh, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully: "Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes, it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know,

comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red — redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow image on its frozen mouth. But as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

II

Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the windowpane with her thimbled finger to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice: "Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister and she is running about the garden with us!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The good lady could look all over the garden and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children.

Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them.

So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere out of doors was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind.

There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood the lady could remember no such



face, with its pure white and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks.

The child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the

snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

All this while the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a snowdrift or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

At this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But — and this looked strange — they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her an old acquaintance.

She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding

out both her hands. Hereupon they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow image which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

III

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands.

His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and

children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too.

He soon perceived the little white stranger sporting to and fro in the garden like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow image which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor! — no image at all! — no piled up heap of snow! — nothing whatever save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet.

"Dear father, do you not see how it is? This is our snow image, which Peony and I have made because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing. "Run into the house, this moment. It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

And so, with a most benevolent smile, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her toward the house.

She followed him, droopingly and reluctantly, for all the glow and sparkle were gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw.

As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps to the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, and entreated him not to bring their snow image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet, — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearthrug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad, and drooping looked the little white maiden as she stood on the hearthrug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her. Once she threw a glance toward the window, and caught a glimpse through its red curtains of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the windowpanes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket

directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

The mother meanwhile had gone in search of the shawl and stockings. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, Mr. Lindsey emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony and the rapping of a thimbled finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the windowpanes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor — dear — beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw, too. In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

She could only reply that, being summoned to the

parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearthrug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

Words for study:—

I. ruddiness	urchin	aspect	asseverated
phiz	II. atmosphere	lag	III. bleak
emerged	intensely	comprehend	flimsy
wrought	singular	immense	benevolent

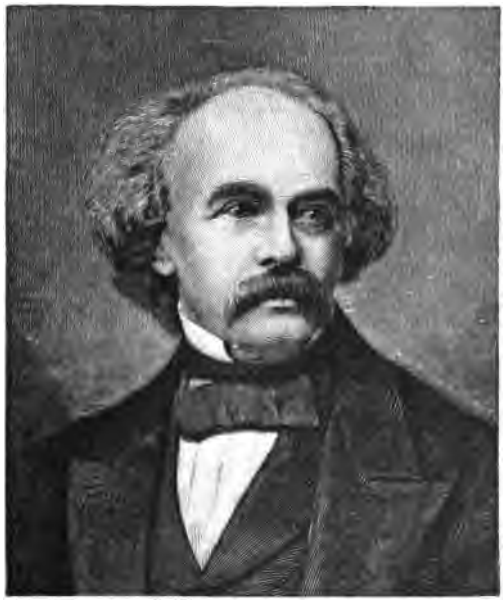
By the use of the affixes on page 339, form as many words as you can from these:—

doubt	child	excite	perform

Here are some words which are often mispronounced. Copy them and mark them with diacritical marks and accents.

idea	comfortable	half	natural
laugh	hospitable	last	parents

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song. —KINGSLEY



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804–1864

AN AMERICAN PROSE AUTHOR

He wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and other romances. He wrote also many short stories, and several books for children.

Read "Little Daffydowndilly and Other Stories," "The Great Stone Face," "Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," "Biographical Stories," and "Grandfather's Chair."

"He was a beautiful, natural, original genius." — JAMES

"I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book." — HAWTHORNE

I

Have you ever heard of the quaint old town of Salem? When Massachusetts was an English colony Salem was an important seaport. Its ships came and went to all parts of the world. Its sailors filled their homes with curiosities from the East and told at its firesides tales of their wonderful adventures.

In this little New England town other tales were told than those of merchants and sea captains. Once there was a terrible outbreak of superstition in Salem. Helpless old men and women were accused of witchcraft and were tortured and hanged or burned. Of all the harsh accusers of these poor people, none were harsher than Judge John Hawthorne.

Long, long after the witchcraft days, there was born in Salem a great-great-grandson of Judge Hawthorne, who was very unlike that stern old man.

He was gentle and beautiful in person and character, and gave joy instead of sorrow to others. He wrote wonderful romances, which are read and loved the world over. It is the story of his life you are now to read — the story of the man who wrote "The Snow Image."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born on the fourth of July, almost a hundred years ago. His father was a sea captain, a quiet man, fond of books and children.

He died when his son was only four years old.

Then his wife, with her little son and two daughters, went back to her father's home. She was so overcome with grief at her husband's death that she shut herself up and would have nothing to do with the outside world.

Little Nathaniel was a beautiful boy, much petted by his aunts and uncles. His grandfather's home was near the sea, and he loved to lie under the apple trees and watch the white-sailed ships coming and going. He made up strange, wild stories of the adventures he was to have when he became a man.

As a small boy, Nathaniel was inclined to neglect his studies for outdoor sports. But one day when he was about nine years old he hurt his foot in a game of baseball. It was some time before he could walk at all, and for a long time he had to use crutches. While he was lame he played with his pets, especially a favorite cat for which he knit a pair of stockings.

But he could not play with pussy all the time, and so to amuse himself he began to read and learned to love books. He would sit for hours poring over the wonderful story of "Pilgrim's Progress." A teacher came in the evenings to give him lessons, and so for two years his studies went on.

When Nathaniel was about fourteen years old, he went with his mother to visit her brother in Maine. Mr. Manning lived in a wild, wooded country on the

shores of a beautiful lake. There were no neighbors, but Nathaniel was well content to be alone. He liked to take long walks thinking and dreaming. In the winter he skated up and down the lake in the moonlight. On summer days he roamed about the woods with his gun or fishing-rod.

He formed solitary habits, but he grew strong, and his eye and ear were trained to observe like an Indian's. But at last his uncle decided that he ought to be at school. So he went back to Salem and studied under teachers there until he was ready for college.

He entered Bowdoin College in the class with the poet Longfellow. One of his college friends was Franklin Pierce, who afterward became president. Hawthorne was not a hard student, and he was so shy that he regularly paid fines rather than declaim in public.

He was graduated from Bowdoin and returned to his grandfather's home in Salem. Here he led a very secluded life. "I pass the days in writing stories," he said, "and the nights in burning them."

He took long walks through the fields and along the beaches. He loved best to go out at night on the quiet roads and along the sleeping streets. But most of his time was spent in his room, reading, thinking, and writing.

"Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by," he wrote years after. "Here I have written many tales. . . . If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here; and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent.

"And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least till I was in my grave. . . . By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth."

He spent thirteen long, lonely years learning to write, but they were not wasted years. His power grew and he learned to fit beautiful words to his beautiful thoughts and fancies. People saw the master's hand in the sketches and tales which he occasionally published.

II

In 1839 Mr. Bancroft, the historian, gave Hawthorne a place as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House. This was not pleasant work for him, but until removed from office by political changes, he performed his duties faithfully and spent his leisure

with books and pen. He wrote for children the volume of stories from New England history, called "Grandfather's Chair."

In 1842 Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody. They went to live at Concord, Massachusetts, in the "Old Manse," from the windows of which the Concord minister is said to have watched the battle between the patriots and the British. Here Hawthorne spent three years, happy in his home, his books, and his friends. He wrote during this time the volume of stories called "Mosses from an Old Manse."

His appointment as surveyor in the Salem Custom House "ended his poverty but also his paradise." The work was bread and meat for his family, and he went home dejected when political changes caused him to lose it. "I am removed from office," he said sadly to his wife.

She showed him the money which she had put aside from household expenses. Then she put pen, ink, and paper before him.

"Now you can write your book," she said cheerily.

Thus encouraged, he set to work and wrote the "Scarlet Letter," one of the world's great romances. Like many of Hawthorne's books, it is not a story for children. It tells about sorrow and crime which come through experience of life about which they know nothing.

His next book also, "The House of Seven Gables," was for grown people. But about the same time he wrote for young folks "The Wonder Book," a volume of classic tales retold. Children liked these stories so much that they begged for another volume, and he wrote "Tanglewood Tales."

Hawthorne had two daughters and a son whom he loved very dearly. He himself was their playmate and companion as well as their teacher. He went with them nutting and skating, and played with their pet hens and rabbits. Often he would read them the stories which he had written.

In 1852 Hawthorne moved back to Concord, where he had spent the first years of his happy married life. He was now able to buy a home, which he called "The Wayside." It was the house in which Mr. Alcott had lived, and there Louisa Alcott had written her first stories.

He did not stay at Concord very long. His college friend, Franklin Pierce, was now president of the United States, and he appointed Hawthorne consul to Liverpool. After spending some years in England, Hawthorne and his family traveled south, and spent two years in Italy.

Two books grew out of the life abroad, — "Our Old Home," sketches of English life, and "The Marble Faun," the scene of which is laid in Italy.

In 1860 Hawthorne came back to his Concord home, intending to give himself up to literary work. But the war broke out, and he became sad and unable to work. He thought how terrible it was that there should be war in our country, and it seemed to him that if people had been wise we might have had peace.

In 1864 Hawthorne took a trip for his health with his old friend, Franklin Pierce, and one morning he was found dead in his bed. His unfinished romance and a wreath of apple blossoms from the "Old Manse" were laid upon his coffin.

Though the man died, his works live, and he will be remembered as one of our greatest authors. He is the great American master of style. His writing is elegant, graceful, simple, clear, forcible.

There is mystery in all of his books, — twilight rather than sunlight. But they show in a wonderful way the workings of the human heart and conscience.

Words for study: —

I. quaint	biographer	II. gauger	faun
secluded	memoirs	leisure	mystery

All through my life I have had occasion to observe that what seemed to be misfortunes have proved in the end to be the best things which could possibly have happened to me. — HAWTHORNE

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST

FROM "COLONIAL BALLADS" BY MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

Mrs. Preston was an American poet. In her volumes of verse are many poems which are liked by children, — "The Color Bearer," "The First Thanksgiving," and others.

'Twas a Saturday night, mid winter,
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
The mother half-musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction, —
"For heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
As they garlanded long ago, —

Or ever Sir George went sailing
 Away on the wild sea-foam, —
In my beautiful English Sussex,
 The happy old walls at home."

She sighed. As she paused, a whisper
 Set quickly all eyes astrain:
"See! See!" — and the boy's hand pointed —
 "There's a face at the windowpane!"
One instant a ghastly terror
 Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
 And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
 Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
 To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
 A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
 I am chief of the Roanoke."

Straight in through the frightened children,
 Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
 From his shoulder, a light-borne load:
And out of the pile of deerskins,

With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
Stepped softly a four-year child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
Bent on him was strange to see;
And then, with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said, to the children pointing,
"I want him to be like them!"

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam!
I bring him, a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper;
To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water;
To break with the plow the sod;
To be kind to papoose and woman;
To pray to the white man's God!"

"I give thee my hand!" and the lady
Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
And share of my Christmas here.
My darlings, this night, remember
All strangers are kith and kin, —

This night when the dear Lord's mother
Could find no room at the inn!"

Words for study: —

girdled	yule logs	unblenching	strode
din	benediction	guttural	yearning

On page 113 is the best-loved picture in the world. Can you think of any of the reasons why it is so much loved? Look at it, then shut your book and think how it looks. Do you know what it means to learn a picture by heart as you do a poem?

This picture of the Christ Child and His mother was painted by the artist Raphael, the story of whose life you will soon read.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait. — LONGFELLOW



From the painting by Raphael

THE CHRIST CHILD AND HIS MOTHER

(The Sistine Madonna)

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

By Nahum Tate

Tate was an English poet whose works, once popular, are now little read.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song: —

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Words for study: —

dread seraph

HOW MADAM LIBERALITY EARNED HER CHRISTMAS MONEY

FROM "MADAM LIBERALITY," BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING

I

It was not her real name: it was given to her by her brothers and sisters. People with very marked qualities of character do sometimes get such distinctive titles. The ruling peculiarity of a character is apt to show itself early in life, and it showed itself in Madam Liberality when she was a little child.

Plum cakes were not plentiful in her home when Madam Liberality was young, and such as there were, were of the "wholesome" kind — plenty of bread stuff, and the currants and raisins at a respectful distance from each other. But few as the plums were, she seldom ate them. She picked them out very carefully, and put them into a box which was hidden under her pinafore.

When we grown-up people were children, and plum cake and plum pudding tasted very much nicer than they do now, we also picked out the plums. Some of us ate them at once, and had then to toil slowly through the cake or pudding, and some dispatched the plainer portion of the feast at the beginning and kept the plums to sweeten the end. Sooner or later we ate them ourselves, but Madam Liberality kept her plums for other people.

When the meal was over, Madam Liberality would withdraw into a corner, from which she issued notes of invitation to all the dolls. They were "fancy written" on curl papers and folded into cocked hats.

Then began the real feast. The dolls came and the children with them. Madam Liberality had no toy tea sets or dinner sets, but there were acorn cups filled to the brim, and the water tasted delicious.

And before every doll was a flat oyster shell covered with a round oyster shell, a complete set of complete pairs which had been collected by degrees, like old family plate. And when the upper shell was raised, on every dish lay a plum. It was then that Madam Liberality got her sweetness out of the cake. She was in her glory at the head of the inverted tea chest; and if the raisins would not go round, the empty oyster shell was hers and nothing offended her more than to have this noticed.

That was her spirit then and always, she could "do without" anything, if the wherewithal to be hospitable was left to her. . . .

Birthday presents and Christmas boxes were the chief cares and triumphs of Madam Liberality's childhood. It was with the next birthday or the approaching Christmas in view that she saved her pence instead of spending them, but she so seldom had any money that she chiefly relied on her own ingenuity.

Year by year it became more difficult to make anything which would "do for a boy"; but it was easy to please her sister, "Darling," and mother's appreciation of pincushions and of needlebooks made out of old cards was most satisfactory.

To break the mystery in which it always pleased Madam Liberality to shroud her small preparations, was to give her offense. As a rule, the others respected this, and would even feign a little more surprise than they felt.

But if during her preparations she had given offense to one of the boys, her retreat was soon invaded with cries of — "Ah! I see you, making birthday presents out of nothing and a quarter of a yard of ribbon!" Or, — "There you are! At it again, with two old visiting cards and flannel!" And only Darling's tenderest kisses could appease Madam Liberality's wrath and dry her tears.

She had never made a grander project for Christmas or had greater difficulty in carrying it out, than in the winter which followed a visit to the seaside. It was in the house of her cousin that she had first heard of Christmas trees, and to surprise the others with a Christmas tree she was quite resolved.

But as the time drew near poor Madam Liberality was almost in despair about her presents, and this was doubly provoking, because a nice little fir tree had been promised to her. There was no blinking the fact that mother had been amply provided with pincushions. And most of these made the needles rusty from being stuffed with damp pig-meal, when the pigs and the pincushions were both being fattened for Christmas.

II

Madam Liberality sat with her little pale face on her hand and her slate before her, making her calculations. She wondered what emery powder cost. Supposing it to be very cheap, and that she could get a quarter of a pound for "next to nothing," how useful a present might be made for mother in the shape of an emery pincushion, to counteract the evil effect of the pig-meal ones.

It would be a novelty even to Darling, especially if hers were made by gluing a tiny bag of emery into the mouth of a shell. Madam Liberality had seen

such a pincushion. She had a shell, and the village carpenter would always let her put a stick into his glue pot if she went to the shop.

But then, if emery were only a penny a pound, Madam Liberality had not a farthing to buy a quarter of a pound with. As she thought of this her brow contracted, partly with vexation, and partly because of a jumping pain in a big tooth which was now but the wreck of what a tooth should be. But as the toothache grew worse, a new hope dawned upon Madam Liberality. Perhaps one of her troubles would mend the other.

Being very tender-hearted over children's sufferings, it was her mother's custom to bribe rather than coerce when teeth had to be taken out. The fixed scale of reward was sixpence for a tooth without fangs and a shilling for one with them. If pain were any evidence, this tooth certainly had fangs.

But one does not have a tooth taken out if one can avoid it, and Madam Liberality bore bad nights and painful days till they could be endured no longer. Then, because she knew it distressed her mother to be present, she went alone to the doctor's house to ask him to take out her tooth.

The doctor was a very kind old man, and he did his best, so we will not say anything about his old instruments, or the number of times he tied a pocket hand-

kerchief round an awful-looking claw and put both into Madam Liberality's mouth without effect.

At last he said he had got the tooth out, and he wrapped it in paper, and gave it to Madam Liberality, who, having thought that it was her head he had extracted from its socket, was relieved to get away. As she ran home she began to plan how to lay out her shilling for the best, and when she was nearly there she opened the bit of paper to look at her enemy, and it had no fangs!

"I'm *sure* it was more than a sixpenny one," she sobbed: "I believe he has left them in."

It involved more than the loss of half the funds she had reckoned upon. Perhaps this dreadful pain would go on, even on Christmas Day. Her first thought was to carry her tears to her mother; her second that, if she only could be brave enough to have the fangs taken out, she might spare mother all distress about it till it was over. She knew well that courage does not come with waiting, and making a desperate rally of stout-heartedness, she ran back to the doctor.

He had gone out, but his assistant was in. He looked at Madam Liberality's mouth, and said that the fangs were certainly left in and would be much better out.

"Would it hurt *very* much?" asked Madam Liber-

ality, trembling. The assistant blinked the question of hurting.

"I think I could do it," said he, "if you could sit still; not if you were jumping about."

"I will sit still," said Madam Liberality.

"The boy shall hold your head," said the assistant. But Madam Liberality rebelled; she could screw up her nerves to endure the pain, but not to be held.

"I give you my word of honor I will sit still," said she, with earnestness. And the assistant — who had just remembered that the boy was out — said, "Very well, miss."

We need not dwell upon the next few seconds. The assistant kept his word, and Madam Liberality kept hers. She sat still, and went on sitting still after the operation was over, till the assistant became alarmed, and revived her by pouring some choking stuff down her throat. After which she staggered to her feet and put out her hand and thanked him.

He was a strong, rough, good-natured young man, and little Madam Liberality's pale face and politeness touched him.

"You're the bravest little lady I ever knew," he said kindly; "and you keep your word like a queen. There's some stuff to put to the place, and there's sixpence, miss, if you'll take it, to buy candy with. You'll be able to eat it now."

After which he gave her an old pill box to carry the fragments of her tooth in, and it was labelled "three to be taken at bedtime."

Madam Liberality staggered home, very giddy but very happy. Praise was very pleasant to her, and the assistant had praised her, not undeservedly, and she knew that further praise was in store from her mother. Ah! how pleased she would be! And so would Darling, who always cried when Madam Liberality was in great pain.

And this was only the beginning of pleasures. The sixpence would amply provide "goodies" for the Christmas tree, and much might be done with the forthcoming shilling. And if her conduct on the present occasion would not support a request for a few ends of candles, what profit would there be in being a heroine?

When her mother gave her two shillings instead of one, Madam Liberality felt in honor bound to say that she had already been rewarded with sixpence; but her mother only said, "You quite deserved it, I'm sure," and she found herself in possession of no less than half-a-crown.

Words for study:—

I.	liberality	wrath	farthing	assistant
	inverted	project	coerce	extracted
	wherewithal	II. counteract	fangs	half-a-crown

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Longfellow was an American poet; there is a biographical sketch of him in the Third Reader.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

Words for study: —

convent	mere	manna	lays
darksome	dole	celestial	homily

If you were making a picture to illustrate this poem what would you put in it?

Name the things which you would put in the front part, or foreground, of your picture. What would you put in the back part, or background?

Give your reasons for doing so.

Write in five minutes a list of words describing a bird.

Tell in your own words what St. Francis said to the birds.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in, and
Lend a hand. — HALE



RAPHAEL

1483–1520

AN ITALIAN PAINTER

He painted about a hundred Madonna pictures, of which the most famous are the "Sistine Madonna" and the "Madonna of the Chair"; among his pictures are "The Transfiguration," "St. Catherine," "St. Cecilia," "The School of Athens," and "St. Michael Slaying the Dragon."

Raphael's name continues to stand in public estimation as that of the favorite painter in Christendom. The passing centuries do not dim his fame, though he is subjected to severe criticism; and he continues as he began, the first love of the people. . . . Pain and ugliness were strangers to his art; he was preëminently the artist of joy." — HURLL

I

"The most loved of all the painters of the world," —that is Raphael, the Italian artist. He himself loved all beautiful things, poetry, music, sunshine, happy, peaceful scenes; above all, beautiful faces. Of these he made many pictures. He liked best to paint lovely, holy scenes of mother life.

In 1583 there was born in a quiet mountain region the boy to whom his parents gave the name of Raphael, the chief of the angels.

The child was favored in his home and surroundings as well as his name. Not far from his home was the village of Assisi. There had lived holy St. Francis, the friend of the birds. Many artists, too, who made beautiful pictures full of religious feeling, lived in this mountain region.

Raphael's father was one of these artists. The child liked to watch him paint or to help mix the colors. He loved, too, to wander out of doors, watching hour after hour the changing beauty of sky and mountain.

People called him a dreamer, but his father said: "Let him alone, some day he will paint what he sees now." The death of this wise, loving father was the first shadow on Raphael's happy childhood.

Not long after his father's death, young Raphael was sent to an artist for lessons. The man looked at

his work and then said: "Let him be my pupil; he will soon be my master."

After some years of study, Raphael went to Florence, the beautiful city where lived the great artists, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. We have a portrait of the young Raphael which he painted about this time as a gift for his "second father," his mother's brother. It is good to know that he was as beautiful in life and character as he was in person.

At Florence Raphael worked for some time, making many pictures of the Madonna. Madonna is made up of two Italian words meaning "my lady." It has come to be applied almost entirely to Mary with or without the child Jesus.

From Florence and his work on these beautiful, gentle-faced Madonnas, Raphael was called to Rome by the Pope, Julius II. Julius was a great soldier, and he had fought to gain lands for his mother church. Now he wished to win for her the victories of peace. So he called the greatest artists to Rome to build and beautify the church buildings.

Raphael was asked to decorate a large gallery and the adjoining rooms in the great palace called the Vatican. On this work he spent the remainder of his short life.

The rooms are decorated in fresco. That is paint-



From the painting by Raphael

SAINT CECILIA

ing done on wet plaster so that the colors dry with it. The walls of the rooms are covered with religious and historic scenes. In the gallery is the series of biblical scenes called Raphael's Bible.

The most beautiful room in the Vatican is the Sistine Chapel. Its walls were painted by Michael Angelo, and its tapestries were designed by Raphael. The artist made drawings, called cartoons, to serve as patterns to the weavers. The tapestries were woven of silk, wool, and gold. After being copied, the cartoons were thrown aside, — some lost, and all forgotten for many years. At last they were brought to England, where they are now kept.

II

One of Raphael's great pictures is of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music. According to the legend, she was a beautiful Roman maiden. She invented a new musical instrument, the first organ, which she consecrated to the service of God, and she sang with such sweetness that angels came down to join her song.

Raphael represents St. Cecilia with her own beloved reed instrument slipping from her hands as she listens to the angel choir.

Greatest of all Raphael's paintings are his Madonnas. Two of these are known and loved the world over. One is called the Madonna of the Chair,

because the mother is represented sitting, the Christ Child in her arms and the youthful St. John at her knee. It is a picture of happy, peaceful mother love.

There is a beautiful legend about the painting of this Madonna. Once upon a time there lived in an Italian valley a hermit, a good old man who spent his life praying and teaching the people. He was loved by all, but he said that his two best friends were Mary, the vinedresser's daughter, and the great oak which sheltered his hut from summer sun and winter wind.

One day the valley was laid waste by a fierce storm, and the hermit only escaped the flood by climbing into the branches of his friendly oak. Mary came to his rescue and gave him food and shelter. The hermit prayed that his two friends, the old oak and the young girl, might be rewarded for their kindly service.

Time passed. The hermit died, the oak was cut down and made into casks, and Mary married and became the mother of two fair sons. One day Raphael passed the door where she sat with her children. He wished to draw the lovely group, but he had neither paper nor canvas. At hand was the cover of a cask, and on the oaken board the divine artist drew Mary with her children. Thus were the hermit's two friends brought to honor.



From the painting by Raphael

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

The last painting that Raphael made with his own hand was the Madonna called the Sistine, because it was painted for the Convent of St. Sixtus. It is not a picture of peaceful motherhood, like the "Madonna of the Chair." This mother and son, forgetful of themselves, seem coming forth to the glorious service of humanity.

The "Sistine Madonna" has a room all to itself in a great German art gallery. Every year thousands of people go there to see it.

Raphael was at work on a picture of the Transfiguration when he died suddenly, — it is said on his birthday. His body was carried into his painting room. At his head was put his unfinished picture, and people wept when they came in and saw it.

It was a wonderful life that was cut short, — that of this great painter who also carved statues, wrote poems, played musical instruments, and planned great buildings. His friends inscribed on his tomb, "This is that Raphael of whom Nature feared to be conquered while he lived and to die when he died."

Words for study: —

I. portrait	fresco	II. patron
beautify	tapestries	consecrated

Get copies of all of Raphael's pictures that you can.
Write a description of the one that you like best.
Tell why it is your favorite.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

By Thomas Hood

Hood was an English poet and prose writer. He wrote many poems which young people like; among others, "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Lady's Dream," "Faithless Nelly Gray," and "Faithless Sally Brown."

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever of my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

GLUCK'S VISITOR

FROM "THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER," BY JOHN RUSKIN

Ruskin was an English author who wrote chiefly on subjects which interest grown people. "The King of the Golden River," however, from which this selection is taken, is a charming story for children.

I

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day Gluck's two older brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat

down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up, — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind. There it came again, very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red; his eyes twinkled very merrily through long, silky eyelashes; his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper and salt color, descended far over his shoulders.

He was about four feet six in height, and wore a

pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. He wore an enormous black, glossy-looking coat, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed, without uttering a word, until the old gentleman turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella. From the end of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed. My brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold. When he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long, bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

"He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

Round he went to the door and opened it. As the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat down, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

II

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but — really — sir — you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest. He turned away at the string for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart.

"They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he.

Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped; Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Aye; what for, indeed?" said Hans, administering a box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless me!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken

his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck, with a frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but at that instant the old gentleman interposed his cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began, very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It's a very cold day, sir, to turn an old man out

in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it.

Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out.

But he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him;

clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side, for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling, gave a twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied, with perfect coolness, "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning."

Words for study: —

I.				II.
altitude	paralyzed	gruffly		melancholy
enormous	gust	descending		interposed

What effect do silent vowels often have on other vowels in the same syllable?

rain bite least coast cape sign shoulder

Make a list of ten other words which have silent vowels.

THE SANDPIPER

By Celia Thaxter

Mrs. Thaxter is an American poet who has written many pleasing poems for children.

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit across the beach,
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
 Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

A YOUNG HERO[1]

By Thomas Nelson Page

(See biographical sketch on page 154)

I

The boys said good-by to the general, Hugh, and Tim Mills, and started in the direction of home. After crossing the gully, and walking on through the woods for what they thought a safe distance, they turned into the path. They were talking very merrily about the general and Hugh and their friend Mills, and were discussing some romantic plan for the recapture of their horses from the enemy, when they came out of the path into the road, and found themselves within twenty yards of a group of Federal soldiers, quietly sitting on their horses, guarding the road.

The sight of the blue coats made the boys jump. They would have crept back, but it was too late, — they caught the eye of the man nearest them. They ceased talking as suddenly as birds in the trees stop chirruping when the hawk sails over; and when one Yankee called to them, in a stern tone, "Halt there!" and started to come toward them, their hearts were in their mouths.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked, as he came up to them.

[1] From "Two Little Confederates," copyright, 1888, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Going home."

"Where do you belong?"

"Over there, at Oakland," pointing in the direction of their home, which seemed suddenly to have moved a thousand miles away.

"Where have you been?" The other soldiers had come up now.

"Been down this way." The boys' voices were never so meek before. Each reply was like an apology.

"Been to see your brother?" asked one who had not spoken before — a pleasant-looking fellow. The boys looked at him. They were paralyzed by dread of the approaching question.

"Now, boys, we know where you've been," said a small fellow, who wore a yellow chevron on his arm. He had a thin mustache and a sharp nose, and rode a wiry, dull sorrel horse. "You may just as well tell us all about it. We know you've been to see 'em, and we are going to make you carry us where they are."

"No, we aren't," said Frank, doggedly.

Willy expressed his determination also.

"If you don't, it's going to be pretty bad for you," said the little corporal. He gave an order to two of the men, who sprang from their horses, and catching Frank, swung him up behind another cavalryman. The boy's face was very pale, but he bit his lip.

"Go ahead," continued the corporal to a number of his men, who started down the path. "You four men remain here till we come back," he said to the men on the ground and to two others on horseback. "Keep him here," jerking his thumb toward Willy, whose face was already burning with emotion.

"I'm going with Frank," said Willy. "Let me go." This to the man who had hold of him by the arm. "Frank, make him let me go," he shouted, bursting into tears, and turning on his captor with all his little might.

"Willy, he's not goin' to hurt you, — don't you tell!" called Frank, squirming until he dug his heels so into the horse's flanks that the horse began to kick up.

"Keep quiet, Johnny; he's not goin' to hurt him," said one of the men, kindly. He had a brown beard and shining, white teeth.

They rode slowly down the narrow path, the dragoon holding Frank by the leg. Deep down in the woods, beyond a small branch, the path forked.

"Which way?" asked the corporal, stopping and addressing Frank.

Frank set his mouth tight and looked him in the eyes.

"Which is it?" the corporal repeated.

"I'm not going to tell," said he, firmly.



A YOUNG HERO

"Look here, Johnny; we've got you, and we are going to make you tell us; so you might just as well do it easy. If you don't, we're goin' to make you."

The boy said nothing.

"You men dismount. Stubbs, hold the horses." He himself dismounted, and three others did the same, giving their horses to a fourth. "Get down!" — this to Frank and the soldier behind whom he was riding. The soldier dismounted, and the boy slipped off after him and faced his captor, who held a strap in one hand. "Are you going to tell us?" he asked.

"No."

"Don't you know?" He came a step nearer and held the strap forward. There was a long silence. The boy's face paled, but took on a look as if the proceedings were indifferent to him.

"If you say you don't know —" said the man, hesitating in face of the boy's resolution. "Don't you know where they are?"

"Yes, I know; but I'm not goin' to tell you," said Frank, bursting into tears.

"The little Johnny's game," said the soldier who had told him the others were not going to hurt Willy. The corporal said something to this man in an undertone, to which he replied: "You can try, but it isn't going to do any good. I don't half like it, anyway."

Frank had stopped crying after his first outburst.

II

"If you don't tell, we are going to shoot you," said the little soldier, drawing his pistol.

The boy shut his mouth close, and looked straight at the corporal. The man laid down his pistol, and seizing Frank, drew his hands behind him and tied them.

"Get ready, men," he said, as he drew the boy aside to a small tree, putting him with his back to it.

Frank thought his hour had come. He thought of his mother and Willy, and wondered if the soldiers would shoot Willy too. His face twitched and grew ghastly white. Then he thought of his father, and of how proud he would be of his son's bravery when he should hear of it. This gave him strength.

"The knot — hurts my hands," he said.

The man leaned over and eased it a little.

"I wasn't crying because I was scared," said Frank.

The kind-looking fellow turned away.

"Now, boys, get ready," said the corporal, taking up his pistol.

How large it looked to Frank! He wondered where the bullets would hit him, and if the wounds would bleed, and whether he would be left alone all night out there in the woods, and if his mother would come and kiss him.

"I want to say my prayers," he said faintly.

The soldier made some reply which he could not hear, and the man with the beard started forward; but just then all grew dark before his eyes.

Next, he thought he must have been shot, for he felt wet about his face and was lying down. He heard some one say, "He's coming to;" and another replied, "Thank God!"

He opened his eyes. He was lying beside the little branch, with his head in the lap of the big soldier with the beard, and the little corporal was leaning over him, throwing water in his face from a cap. The others were standing around.

"What's the matter?" asked Frank.

"That's all right," said the little corporal, kindly. "We were just a-foolin' a bit with you, Johnny."

"We never meant to hurt you," said the other. "You feel better now?"

"Yes; where's Willy?" He was too tired to move.

"He's all right. We'll take you to him."

"Am I shot?" asked Frank.

"No! Do you think we'd have touched a hair of your head — and you such a brave little fellow? We were just trying to scare you a bit and carried it too far and you got a little faint, — that's all."

The voice was so kindly that Frank was encouraged to sit up.

"Can you walk now?" asked the corporal, helping him and steadying him as he rose to his feet.

"I'll take him," said the big fellow, and before the boy could move, he had stooped, taken Frank in his arms, and was carrying him back toward the place where they had left Willy, while the others followed after with the horses.

"I can walk," said Frank.

"No, I'll carry you, b-bless your heart!"

The boy did not know that the big dragoon was looking down at the light hair resting on his arm, and that while he trod the Virginia wood path, in fancy he was home in Delaware; or that the pressure the boy felt from his strong arms was a caress given for the sake of another boy far away on the Brandywine. A little while before they came in sight, Frank asked to be put down.

The soldier gently set him on his feet, and before he let him go, kissed him.

"I've got a curly-headed fellow at home, just the size of you," he said softly.

Frank saw that his eyes were moist. "I hope you'll get safe back to him," he said.

"God grant it!" said the soldier.

When they reached the squad at the gate, they found Willy still in much distress on Frank's account; but he wiped his eyes when his brother reappeared,

and listened with pride to the soldiers' praise of Frank's "grit," as they called it. When they let the boys go, the little corporal wished Frank to accept a five-dollar gold piece; but he politely declined it.

Words for study: —

I. romantic chevron captor dragoon
apology corporal II. ghastly squad

rode road fore four sale sail rows rose

The boys came into the The men horseback.
A horse has two feet. Two and two are
Ships across the sea. He bought a book at a
Frank to his feet. Corn is planted in

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The youth replies "I can." — EMERSON

DIXIE

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' SONG

Southrons, hear your country call you.
Up, lest worse than death befall you.
To arms, to arms, to arms, in Dixie!
Lo, all the beacon fires are lighted;
Let all hearts be now united.
To arms, to arms! Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah, hurrah! For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie.
To arms, to arms,
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter.
Northern flags in South winds flutter.
To arms, to arms, to arms in Dixie!
Fear no danger, shun no labor;
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber.
To arms, to arms! Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah, hurrah! For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie.
To arms, to arms,
And conquer peace for Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!
To arm, to arms, to arms in Dixie!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder.
To arms, to arms! Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah, hurrah! For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie.
To arms, to arms,
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Words for study: —

befall beacon pike saber



THOMAS NELSON PAGE

1853–

AN AMERICAN AUTHOR

He has written "On Newfound River," "Red Rock," "The Old South," and several volumes of short stories, including "In Old Virginia," "Pastime Stories," "Elsket," and "The Burial of the Guns."

Read "Two Little Confederates," "Among the Camps," and "Santa Claus's Partner."

"Mr. Page is the brightest star in our Southern literature. He belongs to the Old Virginia 'quality'; he knows the life of the people, he knows the negro and renders his dialect perfectly, he has an eye for the picturesque, the poetic, and the humorous, and his style shows exquisite artistic taste and skill."

Is it not pleasant to have a great story-writer living among us to-day? Any day we may have a new book from his pen. It is hard to believe that there can be another book as delightful as "Two Little Confederates," and "Among the Camps," yet there is no telling what Mr. Page will do.

Thomas Nelson Page was born at Oakland, his father's plantation, in Virginia, in 1853. The land on which the house stood had been granted to one of his ancestors by King George of England. His great-grandfather, Thomas Nelson, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; as general, he commanded the Virginia troops in the Revolution, and he afterward succeeded Jefferson as governor. On his father's side, Mr. Page is descended from Governor Page, another Revolutionary hero.

Mr. Page's early days were spent like those of many another boy on the plantations of the South. He and his brothers shot squirrels, hunted coons and possums, and set traps for hares and birds. They rode the horses to water and went with the little negroes after the cows.

"They fished in the creek for minnows and little perch; they made dams and bathed in it; and sometimes they played pirates upon its waters." It was a free, happy, healthy, out-of-door life which they led.

There were lessons, too, — the children being

taught by their aunt and by their father, who was a fine scholar. There were prayers three times a day, the midday prayer being instituted during the war, for the soldiers.

Tom Page, as Mr. Page was called in those days, was only eight years old when the war between the states began. The union for which their forefathers had fought was dear to the sons and daughters of the Old Dominion, and they were grieved when she had to secede. But none the less the men obeyed the call to arms and went off to the war.

At home were left only old men, women, and children. They, with the help of their faithful slaves, had the burden of caring for the family and plantation, and of providing for the soldiers in the field.

Oakland is situated between two roads to Richmond which were the highways of the Federal and Confederate armies. Then, too, the Army of Northern Virginia camped near Oakland for two winters, so the Page boys saw a great deal of soldier life and heard many war stories.

Many guests came and went in the home, which in peace or war had always a welcome for each comer, friend or stranger. An old housemaid once grumbled: "Miss Betsey [Mrs. Page] goes out in the big road and beckons her hands both ways and

says, 'Come to Oakland, come to Oakland, come to Oakland!'"

At last the war ended. There were hard times at Oakland as everywhere in the South. The negroes left the plantation and the "young masters" milked and did the farm work. Children as they were, the Page boys did their duty like little men.

A vivid picture of these times is given in "Two Little Confederates." Tom Page and his brothers and cousins had many adventures, some like those described in the story. The book should be read by every Southern boy and girl who cares to know about the life of those days.

Little regular schooling was possible in those trying times, but young Page was not growing up ignorant. He absorbed much from constant association with people of education and gentle breeding. Then, too, he was a great reader, and made friends with the world's great authors whose works were found in his father's library.

For awhile he walked to a neighborhood school, four miles from his home, kept by a kinsman, and, at sixteen, he went to Washington and Lee University. Afterward he taught school and studied law at the University of Virginia. He was graduated with honor and began the practice of law in Richmond.

In the leisure not uncommon to young lawyers he

wrote sketches in which the character and dialect of the "befo' de war" negro were rendered with wonderful power. A poem, "Unc' Gabe's White Folks," appeared in a magazine, and was followed by "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," and other tales full of humor and pathos. These tales, now collected in a volume called, "In Ole Virginia," won hosts of admiring readers.

Mr. Page was at last induced to put aside his legal work and devote himself to literature. During the last fifteen years there has come from his busy pen story after story to delight readers young and old.

His short stories, "The Burial of the Guns," "Meh Lady," and others, are very popular, but some people think that his best work is "Red Rock," a powerful picture of after-the-war times in the South. Boys and girls, however, love best the books Mr. Page has written for them, — "Two Little Confederates," "Among the Camps," and "Santa Claus's Partner."

Mr. Page's home is now in Washington, but he often comes back to the old plantation. There his mother lives in a new Oakland modeled after the old one, which was destroyed by fire. The "two little Confederates" delight to meet there and repeat the pranks of their boyhood.

Words for study: —

constant	pathos	legal
dialect	induced	modeled

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

By Mary Howitt

Mrs. Howitt was an English author who wrote many popular poems and stories for children.

"Oh, where have you been, my Mary,
Oh, where have you been from me?"
"I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of green corn grow."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary —
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the water rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh, the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And then some brought the brown linseed
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin,
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"As I came down from the hilltop
I heard afar, below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all that I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So prithee make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

Words for study: —

speedily	dank	croft	hempen
mildew	linseed	tow	prithee

Select eight words that are difficult to pronounce.
Copy them with correct diacritical marks and accents.

HARE AND HOUNDS

FROM "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY," BY THOMAS HUGHES

I

On the last Tuesday but one of the half-year Tom was passing through the hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Tadpole and several other fags seated at one of the long tables, the chorus of which was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copy-books, and magazines, into small pieces, with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

"It's the turn of our house to find scent for big-side hare-and-hounds," explained Tadpole; "tear away, there's no time to lose before calling-over."

"I think it's a great shame," said another small boy, "to have such a hard run for the last day."

"Which run is it?" said Tadpole.

"Oh, the Barby run, I hear," answered the other; "nine miles at least, and hard ground; no chance of getting in at the finish, unless you're a first-rate scud."

"Well, I'm going to have a try," said Tadpole; "it's the last run of the half."

"I should like to try, too," said Tom.

"Well, then, leave your waistcoat behind, and

listen at the door, after calling-over, and you'll hear where the meet is."

After calling-over, sure enough, there were two boys at the door, calling out, "Big-side hare-and-hounds meet at White Hall"; and Tom set off for White Hall, an old gable-ended house some quarter of a mile from the town, with East, whom he had persuaded to join.

At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys, and Tom felt sure from having seen many of them run at football that he and East were more likely to get in than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well-known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on the four bags filled with scent, compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne, and started off at a long, slinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered around Thorne, who explained shortly, "They're to have six minutes' law. We run into the Cock, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares 'll be counted, if he has been round Barby church."

Then comes a minute's pause or so, and then the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through the gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed. Here they break into a trot, scattering over

the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along.

The old hounds make straight for the likely points, and in a minute a cry of "forward," comes from one of them. The whole pack quickening their pace make for the spot, while the boy who hit the scent first and the two or three nearest to him are over the first fence, and making play along the hedgerow in the long grass field beyond.

The rest of the pack rush at the gap already made, and scramble through, jostling one another. "Forward" again, before they are half through. The pace quickens into a sharp run, the tail hounds all straining to get up to the lucky leaders.

They are gallant hares, and the scent lies thick right across another meadow and into a plowed field, where the pace begins to tell; and then down a long pasture studded with old thorns, which slopes down to the first brook. The brook is a small one, and the scent lies right ahead up the opposite slope, and as thick as ever; not a turn or a check to favor the tail hounds, who strain on, now trailing in a long line, many a youngster beginning to drag his legs heavily and feel his heart beat like a hammer.

Tom, East, and the Tadpole had a good start, and are well up for such young hands. After rising the slope and crossing the next field they find themselves

up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are trying back; they have come a mile and a half in about eleven minutes, a pace which shows that it is the last day. About twenty-five of the original starters show here, the rest having already given in. The leaders are busy making casts into the fields on the left and right, and the others get their second winds.

II

Then comes the cry of "forward" again, from young Brooke, from the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again steadily and doggedly. The scent, though still good, is not so thick.

There is no need of that, for in this part of the run every one knows the line which must be taken, and so there are no casts to be made but good downright running and fencing to be done. All who are now up mean coming in, and they come to the foot of Barby hill without losing more than two or three of the pack.

This last straight two miles and a half is always a vantage ground for the hounds, and the hares know it well. They are generally viewed on the side of Barby hill, and all eyes are on the lookout for them to-day. But not a sign of them appears, so now will be the hard work for the hounds; and there is nothing for it



HARE AND HOUNDS

but to cast about for the scent, for it is now the hares' turn, and they may baffle the pack dreadfully in the next two miles.

Ill fares it now with our youngsters that they are schoolhouse boys, and so follow young Brooke, for he takes the wide casts round to the left, conscious of his own powers and loving the hard work. For if you would consider for a moment, you small boys, you would remember that the Cock, where the run ends, lies far out to the right, so that every cast you take to the left is so much extra work. However, they struggle after him, sobbing and plunging along, Tom and East pretty close, and Tadpole, whose big head begins to pull him down, some thirty yards behind.

Now comes a brook, with stiff clay banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs, and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them; they can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after next field. Keep down it and you'll hit the road below the Cock," and then steams away for the run in, in which he's sure to be first, as if he were just starting.

They struggle on across the next field, the "forward" getting fainter and fainter and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of earshot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"I told you how it would be," broke out East, as soon as he had got wind enough, pulling off his hat and mopping at his face, all spattered with dirt. "What a thick I was to come! Here we are dead beat, and yet I know we're close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away and gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best anyhow. Hadn't we better find this lane, and go down it, as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so — nothing else for it," grunted East. "If ever I go out last day again," growl — growl — growl.

So they tried back slowly and sorrowfully and found the lane and went limping down it, plashing in the cold, puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken it out of them. The evening closed in fast and clouded over, dark, cold, and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking up, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence; "it's so dark."

"What if we are late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

The thought didn't add to their cheerfulness.

Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, when over a gate some twenty yards ahead crawled the wretched Tadpole. He had lost a shoe in the brook, and been groping after it up to his elbows in the stiff, wet clay, and a more miserable creature in the shape of a boy seldom has been seen.

The sight of him, notwithstanding, cheered them, for he was some degrees more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was no longer under the dread of passing his night alone in the fields.

And so in better heart the three plashed painfully down the never-ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set in, and they came out on a turnpike-road, and there paused bewildered, for they had lost all bearings, and knew not whether to turn to the right or left.

Luckily for them they had not to decide, for lumbering along the road came a heavy coach, which they recognized as the Oxford coach.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys, mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began scrambling up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road.

Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up and agreed to take them in for a shilling. So there they sat on the back seat, drub-

bing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up.

III

Five minutes afterward, three small, limping, shivering figures steal along through the Doctor's garden and into the house by the servants' entrance — all the other gates have been closed long since — where the first thing they light upon in the passage is old Thomas, ambling along, candle in one hand and keys in the other.

He stops and examines their condition with a grim smile. "Ah! East, Hall, and Brown, late for locking-up. Must go up to the Doctor's study at once."

"Well, but, Thomas, mayn't we go and wash first? You can put down the time, you know."

"Doctor's study d'rectly you come in — that's the orders," replied old Thomas, motioning toward the stairs at the end of the passage which led up into the Doctor's house; and the boys turned ruefully down it. Upon the short flight of stairs they paused to hold counsel.

"Who'll go in first?" inquires Tadpole.

"You — you're the senior," answered East.

"Catch me! look at the state I'm in," replied Hall, showing the arms of his jacket. "I must get behind you two."

"Well, but look at me," said East, indicating the mass of clay behind which he was standing; "I'm worse than you, two to one; you might grow cabbages on my trousers."



"That's all down below, and you can keep your legs behind the sofa," said Hall.

"Here, Brown, you're the show-figure; you must lead."

"But my face is all muddy," argued Tom.

"Oh, we're all in one boat for that matter; but come on, we're only making it worse, dawdling here."

"Well, just give us a brush, then," said Tom; and they began trying to rub off the superfluous dirt from each other's jackets, but it was not dry enough and the rubbing made it worse. So in despair they pushed through the swing door at the head of the stairs and found themselves in the Doctor's hall.

"That's the library door," said East, in a whisper, pushing Tom forward. The sound of merry voices and laughing came from within, and his first hesitating knock was unanswered. But at the second the Doctor's voice said "Come in," and Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

The Doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom of a boy's sailing-boat. Round him stood three or four children. The candles burned brightly on a large table at the farther end, covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly and homely and comfortable that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The Doctor nodded to the children, who went out casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

"Well, my little fellows," began the Doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand and his coat tails in the other, and his eyes twinkling as he looked them over, "what makes you so late?"

"Please, sir, we've been out big-side hare-and-hounds, and lost our way."

"Ha! you couldn't keep up, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking that the Doctor should think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then —"

"Why, what a state you're in, my boy!" interrupted the Doctor, as the pitiful condition of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

"That's the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East, looking down at himself; "the Old Pig came by —"

"The what?" said the Doctor.

"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Hall.

"Ha! yes, the Regulator," said the Doctor.

"And I tumbled on my face trying to get up behind," went on East.

"You're not hurt, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"Oh no, sir."

"Well, now run upstairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You're too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I've seen you. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And away scuttled the three boys in high glee.

"What a brick not to give us even twenty lines to learn!" said the Tadpole, as they reached their bedroom. In half an hour afterward they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at tea, with cold meat "twice as good as we should have got in the hall," as the Tadpole remarked with a grin. All their grievances were forgotten, and they were resolving to go out the first big-side next half and thinking hare-and-hounds the most delightful of games.

Words for study: —

I. fags	fares	superfluous
II. vantage	III. ruefully	revealed
baffle	senior	grievances

What is your favorite game?
Write a list of the rules which govern it.
Describe an interesting game in which you have taken part.
Find in the story five words used instead of "said."
Find five words used instead of "went."
What is meant by the "boys plashed along the lane"?

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

— TENNYSON

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

From The Gospel of St. Luke

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

By George Macdonald

Macdonald is a Scottish poet and novelist. He has written, among other books, "At the Back of the North Wind," and other stories for children.

The thousand streets of London gray
 Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
 In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
 Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not —
 They call the place a park.

Soft creatures with ungentle guides,
 God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides
 Or crop the grass amain.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day
 An over-driven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
 A panting woolly heap.

But help is nearer than we know
For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
Its rents were small — good-hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went
Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pore and rent;
Before he came one-half was spent,
The other saved the sheep.

Words for study: —

repel quench fold ailed good-hap

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine. — HERBERT

TOM, THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

FROM "THE WATER BABIES," BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

(See biographical sketch on page 194)

I

Tom and Grimes and the keeper walked up a great lime avenue, a full mile long. Between their stems Tom peeped trembling at the horns of the sleeping deer which stood up among the ferns. Tom had never seen such enormous trees, and as he looked up he fancied that the blue sky rested on their heads. But he was puzzled very much by a strange murmuring noise which followed them all the way; so much puzzled that at last he took courage to ask the keeper what it was.

He spoke very civilly and called him "sir," which pleased the keeper, and he told him that they were the bees about the lime flowers.

"What are bees?" asked Tom.

"What make honey."

"What is honey?" asked Tom.

"Thou hold thy noise," said Grimes.

"Let the boy be," said the keeper. "He's a civil young chap now, and that's more than he'll be long, if he bides with thee."

Grimes laughed.

"I wish I were a keeper," said Tom, "to live in

such a beautiful place, and wear green velveteens, and have a real dog-whistle at my button, like you."

The keeper laughed; he was a kind-hearted fellow enough.

"Let well alone, lad, and ill too, at times. Thy life's safer than mine, at all events — eh, Mr. Grimes?"

And Grimes laughed again.

By this time they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house; and Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job.

How many chimneys Tom swept, I cannot say. But he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find — if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do — in old country houses, — large and crooked chimneys which had been altered again and again till they ran one into another.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground. But at last, coming down,

as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up and the curtains down and the furniture huddled together under a cloth and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white: white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much.

There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bulldogs among them, not even a terrier.

But the two pictures which took his fancy most were: one, a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hands upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's



"TOM HAD NEVER SEEN THE LIKE"

room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about. The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there?

"Poor man," thought Tom; "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad and awed, and turned to look at something else.

II

The next thing he saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins and soap and brushes and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water; — what a heap of things, all for washing!

"She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterward, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that 'dirty lady,' and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that

Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that.

He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist and tried to rub the soot off and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame

and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough. Nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him; for once he got up a spout to the church roof, he said to take jackdaws' eggs, but the policemen said to steal lead. When he was seen on high, he sat there till the sun got too hot, and came down by another spout, leaving the policemen to go back to the station house and eat their dinners.

But all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet, white flowers almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that and cared less; for down the tree

he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn and over the iron railings and up the park toward the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream "Murder!" and "Fire!" at the window.

Words for study:—

I. lime	bides	rhododendrons	II. bleared
keeper	velveteens	azaleas	plunder

TOM, THE WATER BABY

FROM "THE WATER BABIES," BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

Here is another selection from Kingsley's charming story, "The Water Babies." When the old nurse screamed, the other servants ran in and gave chase to poor little Tom. He ran away from the place, away and away, until he reached the valley of Vendale.

He was so hot and thirsty and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself into a clear, cool stream, and he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep. When he awoke he found himself swimming about in the stream: the fairies had changed him into a water baby.

I

Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land world; and so now, to make up for that, he had nothing but holidays in the water world for a long, long time to come. He had

nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water world, where the sun is never too hot and the frost is never too cold.

Sometimes Tom came to a deep, still reach; and there he saw the water forests. They would have looked to you only little weeds. Tom, a water baby about four inches long, was so little now that everything looked a hundred times as big to him as it does to you, just as things do to a minnow, who sees and catches the little water creatures which you can see only in a microscope.

And in the water forest he saw the water monkeys and water squirrels; they had all six legs, though, — everything, almost, has six legs in the water, except efts and water babies, — and nimbly enough they ran among the branches.

There were water flowers there, too, in thousands, and Tom tried to pick them; but as soon as he touched them they drew themselves in and turned into knots of jelly; and then Tom saw that they were all alive — bells and stars and wheels and flowers, of all beautiful shapes and colors; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was. So now he found that there was a great deal more in the world than he had fancied at first sight.

Now you must know that all the things under the

water talk; only not such a language as ours, but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds talk to each other. Tom soon learned to understand them and talk to them, so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy.

But, I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures.

But Tom did not know that; and he pecked the poor water things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him and got out of his way or crept into their shells. So he had no one to speak to or to play with.

The water fairies, of course, were very sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him and tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good, and to play and romp with him too; but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his lesson for himself by sound and sharp experience, as many another foolish person has to do, though there may be

many a kind heart yearning over him all the while, and longing to teach him what he can only teach himself.

At last one day he found a caddis and wanted it to peep out of its house; but its house door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house door before, so what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open to see what the little lady was doing inside. What a shame! How should you like to have any one breaking your bedroom door in, to see how you looked when you were in bed?

So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new nightcap of neat pink silk.

However, if she didn't answer, all the other caddises did, for they held up their hands and shrieked: "Oh, you horrid boy, there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep. Then she would have come out with such beautiful wings and flown about and laid such lots of eggs; and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die."

So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed

of himself, and felt all the naughtier, as little boys do when they have done wrong and won't say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout, and began tormenting them and trying to catch them; but they slipped through his fingers, and jumped clean out of the water in their fright.

As Tom chased them, he came close to a great dark hover under an alder-root, and out jumped a huge old brown trout, ten times as big as he was, and ran against him and knocked all the breath out of his body. I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

II

Then he went on sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be. Under a bank he saw a very ugly creature, about half as big as himself, which had six legs and a big stomach and a most ridiculous head, with two great eyes and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh!" said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow to be sure!" and he began making faces at him; and put his nose close to him, and hallooed to him, like a very rude boy.

When, hey, presto! the thing's donkey face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much; but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he let go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

Tom stood still and watched him. And he swelled himself and puffed and stretched himself out stiff. At last crack, puff, bang — he opened all down his back and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom, but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. It moved its legs very feebly; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word; but he stared with all his eyes. And he went up to the top of the water too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

As the creature sat in the warm, bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; the most lovely colors began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings. Out

of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it. But the thing whirred up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again by Tom, quite fearless.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine and over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!"

And he flew away into the air and began catching gnats.

"Oh! come back, come back," cried Tom, "you beautiful creature! I have no one to play with and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back, I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon fly; "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!"

It was only a big dock. But you know the dragon fly had never seen any but little water trees; so it did look very big to him. Besides, he was very short-

sighted, as all dragon flies are, and never could see a yard before his nose.

The dragon fly did come back, and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colors and his large wings. But you know he had been a poor, ugly creature all his life before, so there were great excuses for him.

He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and the meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am very glad to say that Tom learned such a lesson that day, that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame, and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses and changed their skins and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin and have wings like them some day.

Words for study: —

I.			II.	
	nimbly	crystal		sulky
	caddis	hover		elegant

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart. — Hood



CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819–1875

AN ENGLISH POET, NOVELIST, AND SCIENTIST

He wrote "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" "The Water Babies," and other books.

Read "The Water Babies," "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales," and "Madam How and Lady Why."

Kingsley is "one of the good influences of the age." — MILL

"Kingsley had imagination, feeling, some insight, a great affection for man and nature, a true interest in things as they are and ought to be, — above all, as they ought to be!" — HENLEY

"He was the most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being ill-natured."

— MATTHEW ARNOLD

"The boy is father of the man." That, says a friend of Charles Kingsley's school days, was never truer than of him. The boy Kingsley showed the courage, the love of truth, the impatience of injustice, the sympathy for pain and sorrow, which inspired the man. As a boy, too, he was eager in pursuit of knowledge and keen in observation of the world around him.

He was fond of botany and geology, and gave most of his leisure to them. He liked nothing better than to start out, hammer in hand and botanical box and sketchbook slung around his neck, and tramp miles in search of new plants and rocks.

All his life long, Kingsley loved the beautiful in art and nature. He knew every country sight and sound, and studied birds, beasts, fishes, and rocks with loving interest.

After his graduation from Cambridge, he entered the ministry, and went to the village of Eversley.

From the first he endeared himself to the people. He entered into their life, pitching hay with the haymakers, riding fearlessly and fishing skillfully with the country gentlemen, discussing books with the neighborhood scholars. But the guiding motive of his life was loving sympathy, and he worked hard to better the condition of laborers.

After the day's duties were done, he wrote the books

which give him high rank among the novelists, scientists, and poets of his day. Two of his best-known works are the historical romances, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!"

"Hypatia" is a vivid story of Egypt in the fifth century. It was written with great care, days being spent sometimes in searching volumes for one fact. "Westward Ho!" is a story of life in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is full of adventure and incident and of beautiful descriptions of the scenery around Kingsley's boyhood home.

Kingsley wrote for his older children a volume of Greek fairy tales called "The Heroes," and "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," an entertaining book on natural history. At breakfast one spring morning he was reminded of an old promise: "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have their books, and baby must have his."

He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study. In a little while he came out with the story of "Tom, the Chimney Sweep." This was the first chapter of "Water Babies," a beautiful fairy tale full of truths. It opens our eyes to the miracles of nature and to the providence and divine love underlying its changes. Some years later Kingsley wrote for this same son, Arthur, another charming book, "Madam How and Lady Why."

In 1874 Kingsley came to America for his health.

Here he made many friends, finding Americans "fine, generous, kindly, wholesome folk, all classes of them." While in America he had a severe illness, from which he never fully recovered. He died a few months later at his home in Eversley.

For over thirty years Eversley had been the scene of his happy home life. There his sons and daughters had been born and reared. There the children of his brain had been sent into the world. And at the end of his happy, useful life he was laid to rest under the yew trees in its churchyard.

Kingsley wrote many instructive scientific books, pleasing stories, and beautiful poems. But better than all his writings was the man himself, strong and manly, but gentle, self-sacrificing, and full of sympathy for the lowly and suffering.

Words for study: —

sympathy	endeared	miracles
inspired	incidents	providence

endear	en + dear	to make dear
enrich		

For every evil under the sun
There is a cure or there is none;
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

THE FARMER'S GOLD

By Edward Everett

Everett was an American orator and statesman.

Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our blessed gold into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upward, it is a living thing.

It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil. It expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes. At last it ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this [an ear of Indian corn], each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold.



There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. I presume there are two or three such ears on the stalk. This would give us one thousand, four hundred, and forty — perhaps two thousand, one hundred, and sixty — grains as the produce of one. They would yield

next season, if they were all successfully planted, four thousand, two hundred — perhaps six thousand, three hundred — ears. Who does not see that the produce of one grain in a few years might feed all mankind? And yet, with this visible creation annually springing and ripening around us, there are men who doubt, who deny, the existence of God!

But it will be urged, perhaps, in behalf of the California gold, that, though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet once gathered it lasts to the end of time; while our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and when consumed is gone forever. But this would be error.

It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses. But, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig-iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it nor drink it; you can neither burn it as fuel nor build a house with it. It is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods.

Far different the case with our Atlantic gold. It does not perish when consumed, but is transmuted to a higher life.

Last June it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its sap-vessels; and now it clothes the form; quivers and thrills with the

five-fold mystery of sense; and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm and glow in the blushing cheek and flash in the beaming eye.

The slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the cornfield under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

Words for study: —

emerald	arrays	annually	transmuted
expands	batons	consumable	stalwart

Tell three ways in which the "farmer's gold" and California gold are alike. Tell three ways in which they are unlike.

CONTENTED JOHN

By Jane Taylor

Miss Taylor was an English writer of prose and verse. With her sister Ann, she wrote "Original Poems," for children, which were very popular.

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;
"If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain;
Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done,
Would be making two rogues, when there need be
but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble!
And I wish that some folks who are greater and richer
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

Words for study: —

fortunate calamities despondence sociable

MAGGIE IN TROUBLE

FROM "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS," BY GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot was the pen name of Mrs. Mary Ann Cross, an English author, best known by her novels, "Adam Bede," "Romola," and others. Her books are for older readers, but all children enjoy the story of Maggie and Tom Tulliver's childhood, in "The Mill on the Floss."

I

Maggie and Tom came in from the garden with their father and their Uncle Glegg. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, and, coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl, rushed at once to Lucy. The contrast between the cousins was like the contrast between a rough, dark, overgrown puppy and a white kitten. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed; everything about her was neat.

"Heyday!" said Aunt Glegg, with loud emphasis. "Do little boys and girls come into a room without taking notice o' their uncles and aunts? That wasn't the way when I was a little girl."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you're good children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg, in the

same loud, emphatic way. "Look up, Tom, look up. Look at me now. Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in this loud, emphatic way, as if she considered them deaf.

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet, "you grow wonderfully fast. — I. doubt they'll outgrow their strength. I think the girl has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I were you; it isn't good for her health. It's that makes her skin so brown, — don't you think so, sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close and looking at Maggie.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough; there's nothing ails her. There's red wheat as well as white, for that matter, and some like the dark grain best. But it would be as well if Bessie would have the child's hair cut so it would lie smooth."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed, — do, for shame! I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered,

when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom.

"Oh, yes, there is time for this; *do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, my, Maggie, you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom; "you'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he couldn't help feeling it was rather good fun; Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know," said Tom, hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind, make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick, — nothing could be

more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious, grinding snip, and then another and another,



and the hinder locks fell heavily on the floor. Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, jumping round her and slapping his knees as he laughed; "oh, my! what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass."

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty — that was out of the question — she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

"Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh, my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping and giving him a push.

"Now then, spitfire!" said Tom. "What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down; I can smell the dinner going in."

II

Tom hurried downstairs and left poor Maggie. As she stood crying before the glass, she felt it

impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her. If Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy and had the apricot pudding and the custard! What could she do but sob?

"Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. "What have you been a-doing? I never saw such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia!" said Maggie, angrily. "Go away!"

"But I tell you you're to come down, miss, this minute; your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. "I shan't come."

"Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots o' goodies, and mother says you are to come. What are you crying for?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter. But Tom was not altogether hard. He went and put his head near her, and said, in a lower, comforting tone, "Won't you come, then, Maggie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I've had mine — and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said, "But you'd better come, you know. There's the desserts, you know."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering.

Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side-table — it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and dropped the large gravy spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the tablecloth.

Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn toward the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said, "Heyday! what little girl's this? Why, I don't know her. Is it some little girl you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment.

"Why, little miss, you've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet.

"Fie, for shame!" said Aunt Glegg, in her severest tone of reproof. "Little girls that cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water, not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Aye, aye," said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said Aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone.

"She's a naughty child, that'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of re-

proach and derision. Her first flush came from anger. Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard.

He whispered, "Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy.

Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing. "Come, come," said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, "never mind; give over crying; father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when every one else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

Words for study: —

I.	jagged	passionate	tolerable	derision
	pang	II. resisting	reflective	ignominy
	deliverance	unconcerned	reproof	soothingly

Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever. — MANN

BETTER THAN GOLD

By Abram J. Ryan

Father Ryan, often called "the poet-priest of the South," was an American poet. Among his best-known poems are "The Sword of Lee," "The Conquered Banner," and "Sentinel Songs."

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
May adorn and ennoble the poorest cot;
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
That each may share, are better than gold.

Words for study: —

grandeur lusts lofty ennoble

What things does the poet say are "better than gold"? Why?

Copy and commit to memory the first stanza of this poem.

THE FIRE WATER

A Speech of Yannahar, an Indian Chief

Brothers, hear! and with the heart keep my words. My father, Kimanchee, was a noble chief. He was light of foot; the wind only was before him. His strong arm was as a branch of the mountain oak. Joy was with him when he returned from the chase, and his wife and children rejoiced in his shadow as beneath a spreading tree.

The eye of the war chief was not dim, his strength was not diminished. He came to the council fire, and his brothers smiled in the beams of peace. Then the warpath was overgrown with grass, peace came as a river, and joy like the cataracts of the mountain.

These were the blessings of Kimanchee and his brothers when they drank at the forest spring and grew strong. But, alas! where now is Kimanchee, "Swift foot of the prairie"?

Alas! Kimanchee drank of the fire water. Then his eye grew dim, his arm fell, his swift foot turned from the hunting path, and his tread was like the heavy footfall of the wounded buffalo. He slept with the watch-dog in the sun, and when he awoke his strength was gone. Kimanchee fell, and the clustering joys that waited at his door departed.

He fell like a tree in summer, torn by the light-

ning and the mountain blast, and all his green leaves withered. The Red Man fell before the fire spirit, like the leaves of the forest. Such was the curse of the fire water, — a river of death, swollen with blood, and its waves brought desolation.

Words for study: —

diminished cataract departed desolation

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

By Charles Mackay

Mackay was a Scottish poet, best known as the author of some popular songs and short poems.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be, —
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said good King Hal;
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.

And tell me now, what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,



While I am sad,
though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay, —
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

Words for study: —

hale	burden	quoth
blithe	doffed	fee

THE NORSE MYTHS

All nations have their myths, or stories, which were the religion of heathen people. None of these are more interesting than the Norse myths, which were the religion of our own forefathers.

The Norse people were a brave, fighting, sea-faring race. They carried these tales on their wide wanderings and conquests. Let us hear some of them.

In the middle of the universe, said the Norsemen, was a mighty ash tree. It had three great roots — one in the home of the gods, one in the land of the frost giants, one in the dark underworld. At its roots sat three Norns, or Fates — the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Asgard, the home of the gods, could be reached only by crossing the rainbow bridge on which the gods went to and fro. This bridge was guarded by a watchman, Heimdall, who needed less sleep than a bird. He could see hundreds of miles by night or day, and he could hear the grass growing in the fields and the wool on a sheep's back.

Asgard was a city of gold and silver palaces, the most beautiful of which was the great hall of Odin. Here the gods gathered to feast with the heroes who died in battle. These heroes were chosen by goddesses, who brought from every battlefield the bravest warriors who had fallen there.

When these goddesses rode through the air the strange, flickering light from their armor flashed through the northern skies, making what men call the Aurora Borealis.

Odin, or Woden, was the father of the gods. Be-

side him upon his throne sat his wife, Frigga, who knew all things. Upon Odin's shoulders perched two ravens, Thought and Memory. These ravens flew every day over the whole world and came back to tell their master all they had seen and heard.

Thor, the god of thunder, was Odin's oldest son. He possessed three precious things. The first was a hammer, which he kept to hurl against the frost and mountain giants; when thrown it returned again to his hand. The second was his belt of strength, which doubled his power whenever it was bound about him. The third was a pair of iron gloves, which he put on when he wished to throw his hammer with most force.

Freya was the goddess of music, spring, and flowers, and of the fairies. She had a ship so large that it could carry all the gods and their weapons. When not in use, it could be folded together and held in the palm of her hand.

Tyr, the god of battle, was the bravest of all the gods. He lost his right hand by thrusting it into the mouth of a great wolf which threatened to destroy Asgard. Thus the other gods were able to bind it, and Asgard was saved.

Balder, the god of sunlight, spring, and gladness, was best loved of all. Hoder, his brother, was the blind god of winter. All things in nature except the

mistletoe had promised never to hurt Balder, and one day he was killed by a mistletoe twig thrown in sport.

When the Norsemen heard the story of Christ they said he was like Balder, the beautiful. To please them the priests put mistletoe about the churches, and that is why this evergreen is used as a Christmas decoration now.

Loki, the god of fire, was the mischief-maker among the gods. He delighted in bringing them into difficulty, though he could get them out of danger, too, by his skill and cunning. He did so much harm that at last he was seized and bound. One of Loki's three evil children was the great Midgard-Serpent, by which the whole earth was encircled.

At first the gods lived happy and content, spending their time in feasting and in games of skill and strength. There was no care nor sorrow anywhere. But in time came evil and grief and the shadow of death. Then came three winters without a summer. To these succeeded three other winters yet colder and darker. This was the dreaded Twilight of the gods, in which they were conquered by the frost giants. Silence and darkness and death brooded over all.

After weary ages there came a new heaven and a new earth more beautiful than the old. Over these ruled the gods in peace and joy, undisturbed by the frost giants and evil spirits.

Words for study: —

myths	universe	Aurora Borealis
conquests	warriors	encircled

The days of the week are named in honor of the old Norse gods in whom our forefathers believed.

Sunday is the sun day. Thursday is Thor's day.
Monday is the moon day. Friday is the day of Frigga.
Tuesday is Tyr's day. Saturday is the day of Sater.
Wednesday is the day of Woden, or Odin.

Find on a map Sweden and Norway where the Northmen lived. What can you tell about the country and climate?

THE DEATH OF BALDER

FROM "THE HEROES OF ASGARD," BY ANNIE KEARY

Miss Keary was an English author. Her best-known book is the work on Norse mythology, from which this selection is taken.

I

Upon a summer's afternoon it happened that Balder, the bright and bold, found himself alone in his palace of Broadblink. Thor was walking low down among the valleys, his brow heavy with summer heat; Odin for once slept on the top of Air Throne; a noonday stillness pervaded the whole earth; and Balder in Broadblink dreamed a dream.

Now the dream of Balder was troubled. He knew not whence nor why; but when he awoke he found

that a most new and weighty care was within him. It was so heavy that Balder could scarcely carry it, and yet he pressed it closely to his heart, and said, "Lie there, and do not fall on any one but me."

Then he rose up, and walked out to seek his own mother, Frigga. He walked up to her, his hands pressed closely on his heart, and lay down at her feet sighing. "What is the matter, dear Balder?" asked Frigga, gently.

"I do not know, mother," answered he. "I do not know what the matter is, but I have a shadow in my heart."

"Take it out, then, my son, and let me look at it," replied Frigga.

"But I fear, mother, that if I do, it will cover the whole earth."

Then Frigga laid her hand upon the heart of her son, that she might feel the shadow's shape. Her brow became clouded as she felt it; her parted lips grew pale, and she cried out, "Oh! Balder, my beloved son! the shadow is the shadow of death!"

Then said Balder, "I will die bravely, my mother."

But Frigga answered, "You shall not die at all. I will not sleep to-night until everything on earth has sworn to me that it will not harm you."

So Frigga called to her everything on earth that had power to hurt or slay. First she called all metals

to her. And heavy iron ore came lumbering into the crystal hall, brass and gold, copper, silver, lead, and steel came, and stood before the queen, who lifted her right hand high in the air, saying, "Swear to me that you will not injure Balder;" and they all swore and went.

Then she called to her all stones. And huge granite came, with sandstone and white lime and the round, smooth stones of the seashore, and Frigga raised her arm, saying, "Swear that you will not injure Balder;" and they swore and went.

Then Frigga called to her the trees. And wide-spreading oak trees, with tall ash and somber firs, came rushing up the hill, and Frigga raised her hand, and said, "Swear that you will not hurt Balder;" and they said, "We swear," and went.

After this Frigga called to her the diseases, who came on wings of pain and to the sound of moaning. Frigga said to them, "Swear," and they sighed, "We swear," then flew away. Then Frigga called to her all beasts, birds, and venomous snakes, who came to her and swore and disappeared. After this she stretched out her hand to Balder, while a smile spread over her face, saying, "And now, my son, you cannot die."

Then the gods went out to the Peacestead, a broad green plain which lay just outside the city. This was the playground of the gods, where they practiced

trials of skill one with another, and held tournaments and sham fights. These last were always conducted in the most honorable manner. The strongest law of the Peacestead was that no angry blow should be struck or spiteful word spoken upon the sacred field; and for this reason some have thought it might be as well if children also had a Peacestead to play in.

Now Loki was not in Asgard then, and when he came he went to join the other gods on the Peacestead. He found that they were standing round in a circle shooting at something, and he peeped between the shoulders of two of them to find out what it was. To his surprise he saw Balder standing in the midst, erect and calm, while his friends and brothers were aiming their weapons at him. Some hewed at him with their swords, others threw stones at him, some shot arrows pointed with steel, and Thor swung the great hammer at his head.

II

But as Loki still looked, he became even more surprised, for the sport went on and Balder was not hurt. Arrows aimed at his very heart glanced back again untinged with blood. The stones fell down from his broad bright brow and left no bruises there. Swords did not wound him; the great hammer struck him and he was not crushed.

At this Loki grew furious with envy and hatred. "And why is Balder to be so honored," said he, "that even steel and stone shall not hurt him?"

Then Loki changed himself into a little dark, bent old woman, with a stick in his hand, and hobbled away from the Peacestead to Frigga. At the door he knocked with his stick.

"Come in!" said the kind voice of Frigga, and Loki lifted the latch.

Now when Frigga saw, from the other end of the hall, a little bent, crippled old woman come hobbling up her crystal floor, she got up with true queenliness, and met her halfway, holding out her hand, and saying in the kindest manner, "Pray sit down, my poor old friend; for it seems to me that you have come from a great way off."

"That I have, indeed," answered Loki, in a tremulous, squeaking voice.

"And did you happen to see anything of the gods," asked Frigga, "as you came?"

"Just now I passed by the Peacestead and saw them at play."

"What were they doing?"

"Shooting at Balder."

Then Frigga bent over her work with a pleased smile on her face. "And nothing hurt him?" she asked.

"Nothing," answered Loki, looking keenly at her.

"No, nothing," murmured Frigga, still looking down and speaking half to herself; "for all things have sworn to me that they will not."

"Sworn!" exclaimed Loki, eagerly; "what is that you say? Has everything sworn, then?"

"Everything," answered she, "excepting, indeed, the little shrub mistletoe to which I said nothing, because I thought it was too young."

"Excellent!" thought Loki; and then he got up.

"You're not going yet, are you?" said Frigga, stretching out her hand.

"I'm quite rested now, thank you," answered Loki, in his squeaky voice, and then he hobbled out.

When he had left the presence of Frigga, he changed himself back to his proper shape and went straight to the mistletoe. Then he opened his knife and cut off a branch, saying, "Too young for Frigga's oath, but not too weak for Loki's work." After which he set off for the Peacestead once more, the mistletoe in his hand.

When he got there he found that the gods were still at their sport.

But there was one who stood alone, leaning against a tree, and who took no part in what was going on. This was Hoder, Balder's blind twin brother.

Loki went up to him and put one hand upon his

shoulder. "And why are you standing here all alone, my brave friend?" said he. "Why don't you throw something at Balder? Hew at him with a sword or something."

"I haven't a sword," answered Hoder, with an impatient gesture; "you know as well as I do, Loki, that Father Odin does not approve of my wearing warlike weapons or joining in sham fights, because I am blind."

"Oh! is that it?" said Loki. "Well, I only know I shouldn't like to be left out of everything. However, I've a twig of mistletoe here which I'll lend you, if you like. I shall be happy to guide your arm if you would like to throw it."

"Let me feel it," said Hoder, stretching out his uncertain hands.

"This way, this way, my dear friend," said Loki, giving him the twig. "Now, as hard as ever you can, to do him honor; throw!"

Hoder threw, Balder fell, and the shadow of death covered the whole earth.

III

One after another they turned and left the Peace-stead, those friends and brothers of the slain. One after another they turned and went toward the city; crushed hearts, heavy footsteps, no word amongst

them, a shadow upon all. The shadow was in Asgard, too — had walked through Frigga's hall, and seated itself upon the threshold.

The next morning Hermod, the messenger of the Asgard gods, went to Hela, the death goddess, and entreated her to let Balder return. He even offered to take Balder's place in her kingdom of Helheim.

Hela only laughed at this, and said, "You talk a great deal about Balder, and boast how much every one loves him. I will prove now if what you have told me be true. Let everything on earth, living or dead, weep for Balder, and he shall go home again. But if one thing only refuse to weep, then let Helheim hold its own; he shall *not* go."

"Every one will weep willingly," said Hermod, as he mounted and darted homeward.

"Well, Hermod, what did she say?" asked the gods as they saw him coming; "make haste and tell us what she said." And Hermod came up.

"Oh! is that all?" they cried, as soon as he had delivered the message. "Nothing can be more easy;" and then they all hurried off to tell Frigga. She was weeping already, and in five minutes there was not a tearless eye in Asgard.

"But this is not enough," said Odin; "the whole earth must know of our grief, that it may weep with us." Then the father of the gods called to him his

messenger maidens and sent them out into all worlds with these three words on their lips, "Balder is dead!"

But the words were so dreadful that at first the messenger maidens could only whisper them in low tones as they went along, "Balder is dead!" The dull, sad sounds flowed back on Asgard like a new river of grief, and it seemed to the gods as if they now wept for the first time, — "Balder is dead!"

"What is that the messenger maidens are saying?" asked the men and women in all the country round; and when they had heard rightly, men left their labor and lay down to weep, women dropped the buckets they were carrying to the well, and, leaning their faces over them, filled them with tears. The children crowded upon the doorsteps or sat down at the corners of the streets, crying as if their own mothers were dead.

The maidens passed on. "Balder is dead!" they said to the fields; and straightway the grass and the wild field flowers shed tears. "Balder is dead!" said the maidens to the rocks and the stones; and the very stones began to weep.

"Balder is dead!" said the maidens as they swept over silent sands; and all the shells wept pearls. "Balder is dead!" they cried to the sea, and to Giant-land across the sea; and when the giants understood it, even they wept.

After this the maidens stepped from one stone to another until they reached a rock that stood alone in the middle of the sea. Then, all together, they bent forward over the edge of it, that they might tell the monsters of the deep. "Balder is dead!" they said; and the sea monsters and the fish wept.

Then the messenger maidens looked at one another, and said, "Surely our work is done." So they twined their arms round one another's waists and set forth on the downward road to Helheim, there to claim Balder from among the dead. But at the gate of Helheim they came upon a haggard old witch, named Thaukt. This was Loki in disguise.

"Balder is dead! Weep, weep!" said the messenger maidens, as they tried to pass her; but Thaukt made answer: —

"What she doth hold,
Let Hela keep;
For naught care I,
Though the world weep,
O'er Balder's bale.
Live he or die,
With tearless eye,
Old Thaukt shall wail."

And with these words Thaukt leaped up with a yell of triumph. "Surely that was the cry of Loki," said one of the maidens. Another pointed toward the

city of Helheim, and there they saw the stern face of Hela looking over the wall.

"One has not wept," said the grim queen, "and Helheim holds its own." So saying she motioned the maidens away with her long, cold hand.

Then the messenger maidens turned and fled up the steep way to the foot of Odin's throne, like a pale snowdrift that flies before the storm.

Words for study: —

I. ore, granite, somber, venomous, erect, III. entreated, haggard, wail

THOR IN GIANT-LAND

FROM "HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP," BY THOMAS CARLYLE

Carlyle was a Scottish essayist and historian. When you are older, you will wish to read "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Sartor Resartus," and others of his famous books.

On one of Thor's expeditions he went to Utgard, the central seat of Giant-land. Thialfi was with him, and Loki. After various adventures, they entered upon Giant-land; wandered over plains, wild, uncultivated places, among stones and trees.

At nightfall they noticed a house; and as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation: one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there.

Suddenly in the dead of the night loud noises alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer and prepared for fight. His companions ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some place of safety. They found a little closet at last, and took refuge there.

Neither had Thor any battle. For, lo, in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the snoring of a certain giant, the giant Skrymir, who lay peaceably sleeping near by. This that they took for a house was merely his glove, thrown aside there; the door was the glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the thumb.

Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day. Thor, however, had his own suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir, determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The giant merely awoke, rubbed his cheek, and said, "Did a leaf fall?"

Again Thor struck, so soon as Skrymir again slept, — a better blow than before. The giant only murmured, "Was that a grain of sand?"

Thor's third stroke was with both his hands — the knuckles white, I suppose — and seemed to dint deep in Skrymir's visage. He merely checked his snore,

and remarked, "There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropped?"

At the gate of Utgard, a place so high that you had to strain your neck bending back to see the top of it, Skrymir went his ways. Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a drinking-horn to drink dry at one draught. Long and fiercely, three times over, Thor drank, but made hardly any impression.

"He was a weak child," they told him; "could he lift that cat he saw there?"

Small as the feat seemed, Thor, with his whole godlike strength, could not; he bent up the creature's back, could not raise its feet off the ground, could at the utmost raise one foot.

"Why, you are no man," said the Utgard people; "there is an old woman that will wrestle you!"

Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this haggard old woman but could not throw her.

And now, on their quitting Utgard, the chief giant, escorting them politely a little way, said to Thor: "You are beaten then; yet be not so much ashamed; there was deception of appearance in it. That horn you tried to drink was the sea; you did make it ebb; but who could drink that, the bottomless?

"The cat you would have lifted, — why, that is the

Midgard Snake, the great world serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world; had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin! As for the old woman, she was time, old age: with her what can wrestle? No man nor no god with her; gods or men, she prevails over all! And then those three strokes you struck, — look at these three valleys; your three strokes made these!"

Thor looked at his attendant giant: it was Skrymir.

But Skrymir had vanished; Utgard with its sky-high gates, when Thor grasped his hammer to smite them, had gone to air; only the giant's voice was heard mocking: "Better come no more to Giant-land!"

Words for study: —

expeditions	portmanteau	admitted	girds
habitations	dint	deception	smite

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that bends above me,
And the good that I can do;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do. — GUTHRIE

THE BUGLE SONG

FROM "THE PRINCESS," BY ALFRED TENNYSON

(See biographical sketch on page 274)

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, — dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, — dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, — dying, dying, dying.

Scar means here a bare place on a mountain side.

Copy the first stanza of this poem, noticing the punctuation and giving the reasons for the marks used.

Commit to memory the last stanza.

LITTLE GIFFEN

By Frank O. Ticknor

Ticknor was an American poet. He wrote some fine poems, which are, unfortunately, little known.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene, —
Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen! —
Specter, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath, —
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.

"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen. — He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Words for study: —

focal	gangrene	surgeons	skeleton	despite
dire	specter	bated	glint	chivalry

What is meant by calling Little Giffen an "utter Lazarus"? If you do not know, read the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke.

Mark these words with diacritical marks and accents: —

hospitals	surgeons	wholesome	princely

STONEWALL JACKSON

By Moses Drury Hoge

Dr. Hoge was a distinguished clergyman of Richmond, Virginia. This selection is a part of his address on the unveiling of the statue of Stonewall Jackson, in Richmond, in 1875. The statue, executed by the famous English sculptor Foley, was presented by English admirers of the great Confederate general.

Consult histories of the United States and make yourself familiar with the events of Jackson's life.

In the county where all that is mortal of this great hero sleeps, there is a natural bridge of rock whose massive arch springs lightly toward the sky, spanning a chasm into whose awful depth the beholder looks down bewildered and awe-struck. The bridge is among the cliffs what Niagara is among the waters, a visible expression of sublimity, a glimpse of God's great strength and power.

But its grandeur is not diminished because tender vines clamber over its gigantic piers, or because sweet-scented flowers nestle in its crevices and warmly color its cold gray columns. Nor is the granite strength of our dead chieftain's character weakened because in every throb of his heart there was a pulsation so tender, as to liken him, even amidst the horrors of war, to the altar of pity which ancient

mythology reared amid the shrines of strong and avenging deities. . . .

It was in the noontide of Jackson's glory that he fell; but what a pall of darkness suddenly shrouded all the land in that hour! If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of our people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized world, it would be found in the lament which went up everywhere when it was announced that Jackson was dead. It went up from the little girl at the Chandler House who "wished that God would let her die in his stead, because then only her mother would cry; but if Jackson died, all the people of the country would cry,"— from this humble child up to the Commander-in-chief, who wept as only the strong and brave can weep, at the tidings of his fall.

The ceremonies of the hour will bring back to some here present the memories of that day of sorrow, when at the firing of a gun a procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March. The hearse on which the dead hero lay was preceded by a portion of the command of General Pickett, and followed by a mighty throng of weeping citizens. Having made a detour of the city, it paused at the doors of the Capitol, the body was borne within by reverent hands and laid on an altar erected beneath the dome.

The Congress of the Confederate States had adopted a device for their flag, and one emblazoned with it had just been completed, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. It never fluttered from the height it was intended to grace. It became Jackson's winding sheet. Oh! mournful prophecy of the fate of the Confederacy itself!

The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy. The citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring until they rose high above it in a soft floral pyramid. The people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the River of Life.

A pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief was an old mutilated soldier of Jackson's division. As the shades of evening fell, when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came and the lingering throng was warned to retire, he was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader.

They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial. One of the mar-

shals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back.

Upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and, with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, "By this arm which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more!" Such an appeal was irresistible, and the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader.

Words for study: —

sublimity	deities	detour	mutilated
pulsation	pall	device	irresistible

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

By J. W. Palmer

Dr. Palmer is an American physician who has written a few stirring poems.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the campfire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,

To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now, — the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
As for his foes, he knows them well;
Says he, "That's Banks, — he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give it, —" well!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old master's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge,
By Pope and Dutchmen, whipped before;
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!" —
 In Stonewall Jackson's way.

Words for study: —

brawls	brigade	pat	lists	bayonet
burly	askew	rout	gorge	grape

In forma pauperis is a Latin phrase meaning "as a beggar."

THE MOCKING BIRD

By John James Audubon

Audubon was an American ornithologist of whom there is a biographical sketch in the Third Reader.

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met

with at every step; in a word, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and lavished all her stores, that the mocking bird should have fixed its abode, — there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in this great continent. It is in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love song of the mocking bird, as I at this moment do.

See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self.

No sooner has he again alighted, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher; and, as if to con-

vince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For awhile, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it becomes a matter of consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear tree of the garden are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited.

They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that, instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode near him, perhaps in the tree nearest his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew.

Words for study: —

ornithologist	hautboy	rent	inspected
genial	compass	ardent	attunes

Why does Audubon call the mocking bird "the king of song"?

ALI COGIA

FROM THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS"

The "Arabian Nights" is a collection of wonderful tales which have been translated from the Arabic into many languages. Every child should read "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," and others of these tales.

I

In the reign of Caliph Haroun Al Raschid there lived at Bagdad a merchant who was neither rich nor poor, but lived in comfort in the house that his father had left him.

He made up his mind to go on a journey to the city of Mecca. Therefore he let his house and sold his shop and all of his goods except a few which he thought he might sell to better advantage at Mecca. After his affairs were thus settled, he had a thousand pieces of gold which he wished to leave behind in some place of safety.

After some thought, he hit upon this plan, which seemed a good one. He took a good large jar and put the thousand pieces of gold into it and covered them over with olives. When he had closed the mouth of the jar he carried it to one of his friends, a merchant like himself, and said: "You know, brother, that in a few days I mean to depart with the caravan on my journey to Mecca. I beg the favor of you to

take charge of a jar of olives and keep it for me till I return."

The merchant promised to do so, and said in an obliging manner: "Here, take the key of my warehouse and set your jar where you please. I promise you shall find it there when you return."

A few days later, Ali Cogia, riding a camel loaded with the goods he thought fit to carry, joined the caravan, and left Bagdad. He arrived safe at Mecca, performed all his religious duties at the temple, and then exposed his goods for sale. Two merchants soon came by. They looked at his goods but purchased nothing; as they walked away Ali Cogia heard one of them say to the other: "If this merchant knew what profit these goods would bring him at Cairo he would carry them thither and not sell them here, though this is a good market."

Ali Cogia had often heard of the beauties of Egypt, and now he resolved to take the opportunity to go to Cairo. This he did, and with the profits from his sales went to Damascus. Having once begun to travel, it was an easy matter to keep on, and for seven years he went from place to place. Then he resolved to return to Bagdad.

All this time his friend with whom he had left the jar of olives never thought of it. But about a month before Ali Cogia's return, as the merchant was supping

with his family, the talk happened to fall upon olives. His wife said she had not tasted any for a long while, and would like to have some.

"Now you speak of olives," said the merchant, "you put me in mind of a jar which Ali Cogia left with me seven years ago, when he went to Mecca. He himself put it in my warehouse, to be kept there till his return. When the caravan came back, they told me he was gone to Egypt. Certainly he must be dead, since he has not yet come home, and we may eat the olives if we like. Give me a plate and a candle; I will go and fetch some of them that we may taste them."

"Pray, husband," said his wife, "do not do so wicked a deed. They were given to you in trust, and if Ali Cogia should return, as he may at any day, what will he think of your honor? Besides, the olives must be moldy after these seven years. I beg you to let them alone."

But the merchant would not listen; he took a plate and a candle and went into the warehouse. When he opened the jar, he found the olives on the top moldy. To see if they were so to the bottom, he turned some of them upon the plate, and as he shook the jar some of the gold tumbled out.

Looking into the jar he saw that only the top had been covered with olives and that all below it was

coin. He put the olives back, covered the jar, and returned to his wife.

"Indeed, wife," said he, "you were right, the olives are all moldy; but I have left them just as I found them, and if Ali Cogia ever does return he will never know that they have been touched."

"I wish you had not meddled with them at all," said his wife. "God grant that no mischief may come of it."

Now the merchant loved gold dearly, and he spent most of that night wondering how he might take Ali Cogia's gold without any risk of being found out.

In the morning he went and bought some new olives. Then, secretly emptying the jar of the gold and the moldy olives, he filled it with the new ones, covered it up, and put it in the place where Ali Cogia had left it.

II

A month later Ali Cogia arrived at Bagdad. One of the first things he did there was to go to the merchant for his jar of olives, expressing his hope that it had not been in the way.

"My dear friend," replied the merchant, "I was very glad to do you this little service. Here is the key of my warehouse; go and fetch your jar; you will find it where you left it."

Ali Cogia carried the jar to his room at the inn

and there opened it, but to his amazement he found nothing but olives. For some time he neither spoke nor moved. Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that a man whom I took for my friend could be guilty of such a crime?"

Returning at once to the merchant, he told him that, besides the olives, he had left a thousand pieces of gold in the jar. "If you needed them and have used them in trade, they are at your service till it is convenient for you to pay them back; only give me a written word to say that you will do so."

The merchant was ready with an angry answer: "You left with me a jar, which you said contained olives. You found it in its place, and took it away. Now you come and ask me for a thousand pieces of gold. I wonder that you do not demand diamonds or pearls! Begone about your business."

Ali Cogia, seeing that he gained nothing by talk, left his unfaithful friend, telling him that he must appear for trial before the cauzee, an officer of the law.

"With all my heart," said the merchant; "we shall soon see who is in the wrong."

When the trial took place, the cauzee, after hearing what Ali Cogia and the merchant had to say, asked if there were any witnesses. Finding there were none, he dismissed the prisoner for want of

evidence. The merchant was in triumph over the decision, but Ali Cogia would not let the matter drop so easily. He appealed to the Caliph to try the merchant himself, and received answer that the trial would take place on the next day.

That same evening the Caliph, with two attendants, went disguised through the town, as he was wont to do. Hearing a noise as he passed along a street, he looked in a little court and saw ten or twelve children at play in the moonlight. Curious to know what they were doing, he sat down on a stone bench near by, and heard one of the liveliest of the children say, "Let us play at the cauzee."

The affair of Ali Cogia and the merchant had made a great noise in Bagdad, and the children, who had heard of it, joined in the game with eagerness, and agreed on the part each was to act. The boy who had proposed the sport was to be the cauzee. When he had taken his seat with much gravity, another, as an officer of the court, presented two boys before him, one as Ali Cogia and the other as the accused merchant.

The pretended cauzee then asked the pretended Ali Cogia what charge he had to bring against the merchant. After making a low bow, he told his story, and begged the cauzee to save him the loss of so much money.

Then the pretended merchant was called, and made the same defense which the real merchant had made before the real cauzee. When he finished he offered to take his oath that what he had said was the truth.



"Not so fast," replied the pretended cauzee; "before you come to your oath, I should be glad to see the jar of olives. Ali Cogia," said he to the boy who acted Ali's part, "have you brought the jar?"

"No," replied he.

"Then go and fetch it at once," said the other.

The pretended Ali Cogia went, and returning set before the cauzee a jar, which he declared to be the one he had left with the merchant. The merchant was called upon to say that it was the same.

When the cover was taken off, the pretended cauzee said: "They are fine olives; let me taste them." Then, pretending to eat some, he added, "They are excellent, but I cannot think that olives will keep seven years and be so good. Therefore send for some olive merchants, and let me hear their opinion."

Two boys, as olive merchants, then appeared. "Are you olive merchants?" said the sham cauzee. "Tell me how long olives will keep fit to eat?"

"Sir," replied the two merchants, "let us take what care we may, they will hardly be worth anything the third year; for then they have neither taste nor color."

"If that be so," answered the cauzee, "look into that jar and tell me how long it is since those olives were put into it."

The two merchants pretended to examine and taste the olives, and told the cauzee they were new and good.

"You are mistaken," said the young cauzee, "Ali Cogia says he put them into the jar seven years ago."

"Sir," replied the merchants, "we can assure you they are of this year's growth, and there is not a merchant in Bagdad but will say the same."

The pretended merchant would have objected to this evidence, but the young cauzee would not hear him. "Hold your tongue," said he, "you are a rogue. Let him be punished."

Then the children ended their play, clapping their hands with joy, and leading the pretended criminal away.

III

The Caliph Haroun Al Raschid was surprised at the shrewdness and good sense of the boy cauzee, and at his wise decision in the affair which was to be tried before himself the next day. As he rose from the bench he said to one of his attendants: "Could I possibly give a better sentence to-morrow?"

"I think not, Commander of the Faithful," was the reply of his chief officer, "if the case is as the children have played it."

"Take notice, then, of this house," said the Caliph, "and bring the boy to me to-morrow, that he may try this cause in my presence. Also order the cauzee who acquitted the merchant to attend and learn his duty from a child. Take care, likewise, to bid Ali Cogia bring his jar of olives with him, and let two olive merchants attend."

The next day the officer went to the house where the children had been at play, and asked for the master; as he was away from home his wife appeared, thickly veiled. He asked if she had any children. She answered that she had three, and called them. "My brave boys," said the officer, "who was the cauzee in your play last night?" The eldest answered that it was he.

"Then, my lad," said the officer, "come along with me; the Commander of the Faithful wants to see you."

This filled the mother with alarm, but he assured her that no harm was meant, and that he would bring the boy back within an hour.

When the officer and the boy reached the court, the Caliph saw that he was much abashed, and to set him at his ease said: "Come to me, child, and tell me if it was you that judged between Ali Cogia and the merchant. I heard the trial and am very well pleased with you."

The boy answered modestly that it was he.

"Well, my son," replied the Caliph, "come and sit down by me, and you shall see the true Ali Cogia and the true merchant." The Caliph then took him by the hand and seated him on the throne, and asked for the two merchants.

When they had come forward and bowed their heads to the carpet, the Caliph said to them: "Plead

each of you your cause before this child; he will hear and do you justice, and if he should be at a loss I will assist him."

Ali Cogia and the merchant pleaded one after the other; but when the merchant proposed to take his oath, as before, the child said: "It is too soon; it is proper that we should see the jar of olives."

At these words Ali Cogia placed the jar at the Caliph's feet and opened it. The Caliph looked at the olives, tasted one, and gave another to the boy. Then the merchants were called, who examined the olives and said that they were good and of that year.

The boy then told them that Ali Cogia declared it was seven years since he had put them up, and they made the same answer as the children who had acted their parts the night before.

Though the wretch who was accused saw that his case was lost, he tried to say something more in his defense. But the child, instead of ordering him to be punished, looked at the Caliph and said: "Commander of the Faithful, this is no jesting matter; it is your majesty that must condemn him, and not I, though I did it yesterday in play."

The Caliph, fully satisfied of the merchant's crime, handed him over to the ministers of justice. He confessed where he had concealed the thousand pieces of gold, and they were restored to Ali Cogia.

The just monarch, then turning to the cauzee, bade him learn of the child how to do his duty more carefully, and, embracing the boy, sent him home with a purse containing a hundred pieces of gold.

Words for study: —

I.	Caliph	cauzee	evidence	acquitted
	caravan	wont	criminal	plead
II.	assured	excellent	III. shrewdness	condemn

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

By William Cullen Bryant

Bryant was an American poet, a lover of nature. "Robert of Lincoln," "The Death of the Flowers," and others of his short poems, are favorites with children.

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass

Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruits by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree,
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

Words for study: —

cleave	lea	roseate
mold	fruitage	verdurous
haunt	sojourners	fraud

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE

By Benjamin Franklin

Franklin was an American statesman and scientist. Every young person should read the "Autobiography" of this great American.

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder.



"My pretty boy," said he; "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death.

The school bell rang, and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

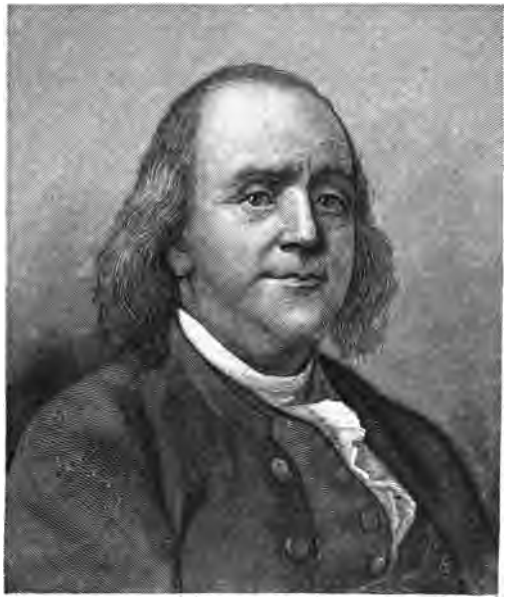
At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, — "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

Words for study: —

accosted flattery rue

Franklin says that he learned a lesson from this event. Can you think what it was?



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706–1790

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN, SCIENTIST, AND AUTHOR

He was one of the founders of the United States, an eminent scientist, and the establisher of many practical reforms, such as hospitals, public libraries, and our postal system. He wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac," "Autobiography," and papers on scientific, political, and moral subjects.

"He snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the scepter from tyrants." — TURGOT

"Franklin possessed at once genius and virtue, glory and good fortune. He was not only great, he was good; he was not only just, he was amiable." — MIGNET

BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF

FROM "BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES," BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I

In the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his schoolfellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap boiler and tallow chandler.

Ben was a bright boy at his book, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable qualities which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. I might tell you a number of amusing anecdotes about him.

You are acquainted, I suppose, with his famous story of the whistle, and how he bought it with a whole pocketful of coppers and afterwards repented of his bargain. But Ben had grown a great boy since those days, and had gained wisdom by experience; for it was one of his peculiarities that no incident ever happened to him without teaching him some valuable lesson. Thus he generally profited more by his misfortunes than many people do by the most favorable events that could befall them.

"Neighbor Franklin," his father's friends would sometimes say, "you ought to send this boy to college and make a minister of him."

"I have often thought of it," his father would reply, "but I have a large family to support and cannot afford the expense."

In fact, Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family, that, when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candle wicks into equal lengths and filling the molds with tallow.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former schoolfellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill pond, catching flounders, perch, and eels.

The place where they fished is now covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with people and with vehicles of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead, and salt-meadow grass grew under foot.

On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing midleg deep in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter.

But it was not in his nature to be sensible of an inconvenience without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

His companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention.

They remembered his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do anything.

"What is your scheme, Ben? — what is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scat-

tered round about lay a great many large stones which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

"You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder — over shoes and stockings — if we wear any — in mud and water.

"Now, I propose that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage.

"My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, lads? Shall we build the wharf?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever completely suits their views. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice

of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled and eagerly began to remove the stones.

Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength by setting them all into a roar of laughter. And when, after an hour or two of hard work, the stones were transported to the water side, Ben Franklin was the engineer to superintend the construction of the wharf.

Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

II

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town, and gilding the water that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But on reaching the spot they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

"Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity, "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air!"

"More likely they have been stolen!" answered Sam.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But looking carefully on the ground he discerned tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path toward the water side.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding

his head. "Those little rascals, the boys, — they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with!"

In the course of the day warrants were issued to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons, who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily. After being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin; "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it, but I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody will enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

"How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

"No act," said Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth, — that evil can produce only evil, — that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

"I will never forget it again," said Benjamin.

"Remember," concluded his father, "that whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity, it will be found so."

To the close of his life, Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father. We have reason to suppose that in most of his public and private career he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

Words for study: —

I.	wharf	quagmire	transporting	verily
	tallow chandler	scheme	ecstasy	vary
	margin	contrivance	II. perplexity	career
	thronged	uproarious	culprits	endeavored

What do you know about Franklin as a man?

Do we have tallow chandlers now?

What changes have taken place in the lighting of houses since Franklin's time? Draw pictures of a candle, a lamp, a gas light, an electric light.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

By Benjamin Franklin

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Lost time is never found again.

Never leave till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

There are no gains without pains.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

God helps them that help themselves.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you'll have corn to sell and to keep.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

THE MAY QUEEN

By Alfred Tennyson

(See biographical sketch on page 274)

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

A rivulet is a small stream. Write three other words having the same meaning.

Copy the names of all the flowers mentioned in this poem. Which of them have you seen?

Can you name other flowers that bloom in May?

Write sentences, using the word "light" in as many senses as you can.

If Happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise or rich or great,
But never can be blest. — BURNS



ALFRED TENNYSON

1809–1892

AN ENGLISH POET

He wrote "The Princess," "Maud," "In Memoriam," "The Idylls of the King," several dramas, and many shorter poems.

Read "The May Queen," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Lady Clare," and "The Revenge"; later, read "Enoch Arden," and "Elaine," "Enid," and other "Idylls."

"O sweet historian of the human heart!
. . . To thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art." — LONGFELLOW

Let me tell you about a poet, loved by readers young and old, who for thirty years was the poet laureate of England.

Do you know what a poĕt laureate is? He is a poet whom the king or queen appoints to write poems on great public occasions. It is an honor which has been conferred on many great poets and on some small ones.

Tennyson's boyhood was spent in the little English village of which his father was rector. His father was fond of poetry, music, and painting. His mother was a gentle, loving lady. She was so pitiful-hearted that bad boys used to beat their dogs under her window. She would buy the dogs or pay the boys to stop beating them.

Alfred was one of twelve children, so he had no lack of playmates. He and his brothers liked to read tales of adventure and then act the parts of their favorite heroes. They wrote stories, too, and once they composed in partnership a continued story, putting the chapters under the dishes for their father to read after dinner.

One day when Alfred was a little fellow his brother Charles gave him a slate and said, "Now, Alfred, see if you can write a poem about those flowers in the garden."

It was the first time that Alfred had tried to write

poetry, but in a little while he covered both sides of his slate with verses. When his brother read them he was much pleased. "Yes, you can write poetry," he said. And this first praise was so sweet to the young poet that he never forgot it.

Charles was only a year older than Alfred, and they were fellow-students and dear friends. Both wrote poems, and while they were still schoolboys they gathered their verses together in a little volume called "Poems by Two Brothers." It brought them about a hundred dollars, which they spent for books and an excursion through England.

The year after these poems were published, Charles and Alfred Tennyson went to Cambridge University. There they made many friends.

The most intimate of Alfred's friends was Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man with tastes and talents like his own. Hallam's death a few years later was a great grief to young Tennyson, and from time to time he put into poetry his thoughts of love and sorrow. But it was many years before this poem was to be published.

Meanwhile Tennyson wrote and published other poems. His first two volumes received both praise and blame, more of the latter than of the former. Perhaps Tennyson saw that some of the blame was deserved, and he determined to improve. For ten

years people heard nothing from him. He was hard at work revising old poems and writing new ones. Then he published a volume containing "Locksley Hall," "The Talking Oak," and other beautiful poems which gave him rank among the first poets of the day.

In 1850 appeared "In Memoriam," the poem begun seventeen years before on the death of young Hallam. It shows gloom and doubt caused by sorrowing love at last overcome by faith in the God who is Life and Love. It is a great poem, especially dear to those who, like Tennyson, have been bereaved by death. "Next to the Bible, 'In Memoriam' is my comfort," wrote Queen Victoria.

Another of Tennyson's great poems is "The Idylls of the King." It consists of a number of poems telling the old British legend of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. This story of high thoughts and noble deeds is young people's favorite among Tennyson's longer poems.

Among his most popular short poems are "Enoch Arden," a story of love and self-sacrifice among simple fisher-folk, "Locksley Hall," and "The Brook."

Soon after "In Memoriam" appeared, Tennyson was appointed poet laureate. He was now able to marry Miss Emily Sellwood, whom he had long

loved. Three years later he bought a beautiful home in the Isle of Wight. There in the country, near the sea which he loved, most of his remaining days were spent.

Two sons, Hallam and Lionel, came to gladden his home. Lionel died in his young manhood, but Hallam lived to be the comfort of his father's last days, and to write the story of his beautiful, peaceful life.

On a calm, moonlight night, hand in hand with the earthly dawn, the heavenly day came to the poet. Full of years and honors, he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among England's greatest — kings, queens, and poets. To him may well be applied his description of another great poet, "him who uttered nothing base."

Words for study: —

poet laureate	revising	applied
rector	bereaved	base

CROSSING THE BAR

By Alfred Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark.

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Words for study: —

embark bourn pilot bar

OUR EARTH'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

By Emilie Graham

I

Do you know what an astronomer is? He is a man who makes it his business to study the stars and to find out all he can about them.

At night, while we are sleeping quietly in our beds, astronomers are looking through telescopes and other instruments, and doing very hard sums. They are

the postmen who bring us news of our brother and sister worlds that float with us round the sun, and of those far-off suns which we call stars.

It is very pleasant to have a whole family of brothers and sisters. Do you not think so? Even if some of them live so far off or are so small that we can only see them through a telescope, still, it is pleasant to think of them and to believe that they are all happy in their own way.

When on a clear evening you look up into the space above and around you, you see thousands of stars; and if the Earth on which you stand were transparent, like the air, you would see as many stars beneath your feet as over your head. Almost all of them are true stars — that is, suns shining with their own light — far, far away, but a few of them belong to our own world-family. They are so much nearer us that, although they shine only with reflected sunlight, as our Earth and moon do, yet they seem as bright as the stars.

Astronomers call these worlds planets, from a Greek word which means to wander, because they wander or move around the sun. Each of them has been given a name of its own, also, to distinguish one from another. Two are nearer the sun than our Earth; the others are farther off.

Mercury is the name of the little planet which is

nearest the sun. It would take sixteen Mercuries to make a world as large as ours. It has a day and night about as long as ours, but its year lasts only three of our months, so that a little girl ten years of age here would be called forty there. We do not know much about Mercury, except that it is a very warm little world. It is so near the sun that we are only able to see it sometimes just after sunset or just before sunrise.

Next beyond Mercury comes Venus. She is a beautiful, silvery globe about the size of our Earth. Venus is twice as far from the sun as Mercury is and is nearest us of all the planets. We see her sometimes early in the morning as morning star, or about twilight as evening star.

As her path lies between us and the sun, she changes like a little moon, and a large part of her night side is often turned toward us, while we show her our broad daylight face.

Next to Venus floats our Earth, around which circles its moon. Beyond us, and twice as far from us as Venus, is Mars, a beautiful red-tinted planet about twice the size of Mercury. As Mars, when nearest, shows us his sunny side, we have opportunity to examine his surface. Astronomers have discovered mountains there, and also seas and snow.

You are not to suppose that they see the snow as

you see it lying upon the ground when you look out of the window in winter. The distance of Mars is at all times so great that, even through the most powerful telescope, it is only possible to distinguish large lights and shadows there.

It has been noticed that parts of Mars become very bright when they lean away from the sun and it is winter there. During the other half of the year, which is twice as long as ours, when they lean toward the sun and become warmed, this great brightness gradually disappears. There is little doubt that it is caused by snow, which collects in the long, cold winter and melts in summer.

The next planet beyond Mars is very large — thirteen hundred times the size of our world — so that, although it is seven times farther from us than Mars — so far that it would take a railroad train going a mile a minute a thousand years to reach there — it is still very bright and beautiful. This is the planet Jupiter.

As we look at Jupiter through the telescope, we see that it is surrounded by beautiful cloud belts, — red, yellow, purple, and green, — and that it has five moons. All of these moons, except one, are larger than our moon, and as they travel rapidly and go around the planet in a few days, Jupiter always has moonlight nights.

I have said that Jupiter is the next planet beyond Mars, but that is not exactly true. I must tell you about something very wonderful which is between them. For a long time it was supposed that the great space which separates these two planets was unoccupied, but some astronomers felt so sure there must be a world there, that they set themselves to look for it. At last they discovered four small planets where they had expected to find one large one.

Since then astronomers have discovered a great many Asteroids or Planetoids, as these little planets are called. We now know about four hundred and fifty of these baby worlds, some only ten miles in diameter.

II

Far beyond the Asteroids float, as I have told you, the great planet Jupiter and his five moons; and, as distant from Jupiter as Jupiter from the sun, is Saturn with its eight moons and its rings which are made up of millions of little moons.

Have you ever seen a picture of Saturn? I had seen a great many such pictures; yet, when I looked at Saturn itself through a telescope, it was so wonderful and so beautiful that I felt almost as much surprised as if I had not known what to expect.

Like Jupiter, Saturn is surrounded by beautifully colored cloud-belts, and then there are the eight

moons which accompany it in its journey around the sun, and its wonderful rings.

Sometimes the thin edge of these rings is turned toward us, so that they look merely like odd little threads of light projecting from each side of the planet.

At other times Saturn is tilted toward us far enough for us to see the broad side of the rings and part of the space between them and Saturn, with the planet glowing in the middle. Planet and rings shine like the brightest moon and are more beautiful than you can imagine.

With its many moons Saturn has no lack of moonlight, but it has much less sunlight than we have. The sun is so far from Saturn that it appears more than a hundred times smaller than it does to us, and gives less than a hundredth part of the light.

We need not pity those distant brothers of our Earth because they are far from the sun, for the degree of light and heat which a world receives depends a good deal on the quantity and quality of its air. We may be sure that, in some wise and happy way, Saturn and its inhabitants, if there are any, are suited to their sunshine, and their sunshine to them.

I dare say the little boys and girls there, if they have ever heard of our Earth, say, "I wonder the

people can bear to live in that world, so near the fiery sun! I should think they would burn up!" Yet, you know, we are very comfortable here, except sometimes in warm summers, and even then the snow lies deep on the tops of our mountains, where the air is thin and light.

You may imagine that worlds as far from the sun as Jupiter and Saturn can scarcely travel round it as soon as we do, and you will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that Jupiter is twelve of our years on his journey, and that Saturn's year is nearly as long as thirty of ours. Their days and nights, however, are very much shorter than ours.

As far away from Saturn as Saturn is from the sun, is Uranus, which is eighty times the size of our Earth, and has a year eighty-four times as long as ours. If we were upon this planet, the sun would appear to our eyes scarcely larger than a star. But we cannot tell how it looks to the people who live there, because we know nothing about them or their eyes.

Far beyond Uranus is Neptune, which was discovered by two astronomers — one a German, the other a Frenchman — about the same time. It takes Neptune one hundred and sixty-four years to go around the sun, and it receives only one nine-hundredth as much light and heat as does our Earth.

What a cold, dark place it must be! You would not like to live there, I am sure.

Now you have heard enough for the present about our Earth's brothers and sisters, and will be glad to run away and play with your own.

Words for study: —

I. astronomers	transparent	planets	II. projecting
telescopes	distinguished	globe	inhabitants

The only planets visible to the naked eye are Mars, Venus, Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter.

On a clear night, get some one to point them out to you, and learn to distinguish them among the stars.

ODE ON CREATION

By Joseph Addison

Addison was an English writer of prose and poetry. When you are older, you will enjoy the "De Coverley Papers" and others of his famous essays.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine!"

Words for study: —

spacious ethereal confirms terrestrial radiant

Read the Nineteenth Psalm, which suggested this poem.

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

— HOLMES

HOW BLACK BEAUTY WAS HELPED UP HILL

FROM "BLACK BEAUTY," BY ANNA SEWALL

Mrs. Sewall was an English writer, widely known as the author of "Black Beauty." This story of horse life is deservedly popular with boys and girls. It is a pleasant story, teaching care and kindness to our dumb helpers.

One day I was loaded more than usual, and part of the road was a steep up-hill. I used all my strength, but I could not get on and was obliged continually to stop. This did not please my driver, and he laid his whip on. "Get on, you lazy fellow," he said, "or I'll make you!"

Again I started the heavy load and struggled on a few yards; again the whip came down, and again I struggled forward. The pain of that great cart whip was sharp, but my mind was hurt quite as much as my poor sides. To be punished and abused when I was doing my very best was so hard that it took the heart out of me.

A third time he was flogging me cruelly when a lady stepped quickly up to him, and said, in a sweet, earnest voice: "Oh! pray do not whip your good horse any more. I am sure he is doing all he can, and the road is very steep. I am sure he is doing his best!"

"If doing his best won't get this load up, he must

do something more than his best; that's all I know, ma'am," said Jakes.

"But is it not a heavy load?" she said.

"Yes, yes, too heavy," he said; "but that's not my fault. The foreman came just as we were starting and would have three hundredweight more put on, to save him trouble, and I must get on with it as well as I can."

He was raising the whip again, when the lady said, "Pray, stop! I think I can help you, if you will let me."

The man laughed.

"You see," she said, "you do not give him a fair chance. He cannot use all his power, with his head held back as it is with that checkrein. If you would take it off, I am sure he would do better. Do try it," she said; "I should be very glad if you would."

"Well, well," said Jakes, with a short laugh; "anything to please a lady, of course. How far would you wish it down, ma'am?"

"Quite down; give him his head altogether."

The rein was taken off, and in a moment I put my head down to my very knees. What a comfort it was! Then I tossed it up and down several times to get the aching stiffness out of my neck.

"Poor fellow! that is what you wanted," said she,

patting and stroking me with her gentle hand. "And now if you will speak kindly to him and lead him on, I believe he will be able to do better."

Jakes took the reins. "Come on, Blackie."

I put down my head and threw my whole weight



against the collar; I spared no strength. The load moved on, and I pulled it steadily up the hill and then stopped to take breath.

The lady had walked along the footpath, and now

came across into the road. She stroked and patted my neck, as I had not been patted for many a day.

"You see he was quite willing when you gave him the chance. I am sure he is a fine-tempered creature, and I dare say has known better days. You won't put that rein on again, will you?" for he was just going to hitch it up on the old plan.

"Well, ma'am, I can't deny that having his head has helped him up the hill, and I'll remember it another time, and thank you, ma'am. But if he went without a checkrein, I should be the laughing-stock of all the carters, — it is the fashion, you see."

"Is it not better," she said, "to lead a good fashion than to follow a bad one? A great many gentlemen do not use checkreins now; our carriage horses have not worn them for fifteen years, and work with much less fatigue than those who have them. Besides," she added, in a very serious voice, "we have no right to distress any of God's creatures without a very good reason. We call them dumb animals, and so they are, for they cannot tell us how they feel; but they do not suffer less because they have no words.

"But I must not detain you now; I thank you for trying my plan with your good horse, and I am sure you will find it far better than the whip. Good day;" and with another soft pat on my neck, she

stepped lightly across the path and I saw her no more.

"That was a real lady, I'll be bound for it!" said Jakes to himself. "She spoke just as polite as if I was a gentleman, and I'll try her plan, up hill, at any rate." And I must do him the justice to say that he let my rein out several holes, and going up hill after that he always gave me my head.

Words for study: —

continually flogging fatigue checkrein detain

Why can a horse pull better without a checkrein than with one?

Can you name any other ways in which fashion inflicts needless discomfort on horses?

Write three reasons why we ought to be kind to horses.

John used to say that a regular course of the "Birtwick horse-balls" would cure almost any vicious horse. These balls, he said, were made up of patience and gentleness, firmness and petting, one pound of each to be mixed up with a pint of common sense, and given to the horse every day. — SEWALL

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell. — LANGFORD

ODE ON DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

By Henry Timrod

Timrod was an American poet, best known by several beautiful short poems.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves —
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth,
The blossom of your fame is blown.
And somewhere, waiting for its breath,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!



MICHAEL ANGELO

1474–1564

AN ITALIAN PAINTER, SCULPTOR, AND ARCHITECT

His most famous paintings are "The Last Judgment" and the other pictures on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican at Rome. Among his statues are "David," "Moses," and the figures "Day," "Night," "Dawn," and "Twilight" on the Medici's tomb, and the "Pietà," Mary weeping over the dead Christ. He designed St. Peter's church and other noble buildings.

"Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art." — LONGFELLOW

Florence, the beautiful Italian city of lilies, was the home of Angelo's ancestors. The artist himself was born in a mountain town of which his father was governor, and received the name of the great angel, Michael. Dear to him all his life were the mountains among which his childhood was spent.

His father wished to make him a scholar, and put him to study with the best teachers in Florence. But the boy's natural bent was for art. He quickly mastered his tasks and gave his leisure and holidays to drawing.

When he was about thirteen years old he made a copy of a picture which even the owner could not tell from the original. This incident decided his father to let him study art, and the boy became the pupil of a famous painter in Florence.

He worked steadily, holidays and nighttime. Making careful study of the human body, he learned to draw it with wonderful correctness and power.

"This youth already knows more of art than I do myself," said his master.

One day, as Michael Angelo was making a statue of an aged faun, a great duke of Florence came by and paused to look at the statue. "So old a creature would hardly have a full set of teeth," remarked the duke.

A few days later, looking again at the faun, he saw that a tooth had been carefully broken, as if lost



From the painting by Michael Angelo

THE THREE FATES

by age. He was pleased by the ready skill with which the boy had profited by criticism, and invited him to make his home in the palace. There Michael Angelo became the companion of princes. There, too, he met the greatest scholars of Italy, and heard their talk about art, literature, and public affairs.

But the great duke died. He was succeeded by his son, who was unable to appreciate Angelo's genius and was often fretted by his pride.

One day, in the winter of 1494, happened something almost unknown in the sunny city of Florence — there was a great snowstorm. The childish desire seized the duke to have a statue made of snow, and he set Michael Angelo to this idle task. People gathered to make sport of the artist employed like a schoolboy. But they stood awestruck before the noble figure into which he shaped the lump of snow.

The statue melted in the next day's sun, but the memory of the insult remained in Michael Angelo's proud heart. Soon after this he left the palace and went to Venice, the "beautiful city of the sea."

About this time he wrought the statue which many people consider his masterpiece, the "Pietà," Mary weeping over the dead Christ.

His next great work was a huge statue of David, representing the youth ready to attack Goliath. His face is full of courage and his limbs are nerved for



THE STATUE OF MOSES BY MICHAEL ANGELO

combat, as he says, "I am come in the name of the Lord of hosts."

In 1504, Julius, the warrior pope, invited Angelo to Rome to build for him a magnificent tomb. The pope and the artist were both proud and resolute, and their wills often clashed. One day the artist was denied entrance to the papal palace.

"When the pope wants me he must seek me elsewhere than in Rome," he said.

Selling his household goods, he started at once to Florence. The proud pope had to yield to the prouder artist and send many messengers begging him to return to Rome before he would do so.

"Thou hast tried an experiment with the pope which the king of France would not have ventured on," said one of his friends.

Soon after this the pope desired him to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. In vain did Angelo reply that he was a sculptor and no painter, and recommend the pope to choose Raphael instead.

The pope insisted, and Michael Angelo set to work to learn to mix colors and prepare walls for fresco painting. Within four years he finished the task. The pictures in the center are Biblical scenes representing the creation and fall of man. On the sides are the sacred and heathen prophets who foretold the coming of Christ. Michael Angelo completed the

series nearly thirty years later by a great painting of "The Last Judgment." On the lower part of the wall were hung Raphael's wonderful tapestries.

While Angelo was painting this chapel, Raphael was decorating a gallery near by. The two greatest painters of the world were working almost side by side. Angelo toiled furiously and alone, while Raphael worked among his devoted students. Angelo admired Raphael's work, and Raphael "thanked God that he had been born in the same century as Angelo."

The great artist put aside his brush and chisel when the people of Florence drove out the oppressing dukes and raised the flag of the republic. He set to work, with the help of the peasants, to build walls for the defense of the city. But his work was in vain. Traitors within and enemies without overthrew the young republic.

Sadly Angelo went to work again, this time on a statue, which is one of the most beautiful of his works. "Day," "Night," "Dawn," and "Twilight" are among the figures on it.

Much of Michael Angelo's life was spent in self-denying care for his father, brothers, and sisters. One after another they died, and he was left alone. His old age was, however, cheered and inspired by the friendship of a noble lady, Vittoria Colonna. The great artist, Titian, was also one of his friends.

In 1546, when Michael Angelo was seventy-two, he became chief architect of St. Peter's. Refusing all pay, he undertook the work for the sake of religious love. He designed and superintended the building and crowned it with a wonderful dome, but he did not live to see it finished.

People called him "the man with four souls," for he was gifted with genius for poetry, architecture, painting, and sculpture. He had, too, the genius of hard work, without which all other gifts are useless. Not the least of his powers was the purity and nobility of character shown in his love of home and country, and his devotion to duty.

Words for study: —

ancestors	combat	sculptor	architect
criticism	resolute	traitors	dome

Look carefully at the pictures on pages 296 and 298. Write a description of the one you prefer.

Name four great Italian artists of the fifteenth century.

Name three other great men who lived at the same time.

What events in the history of America took place in Michael Angelo's lifetime?

Do you admire more the life and character of Michael Angelo or of Raphael? Why?

Whose paintings do you like better?

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle. — MICHAEL ANGELO

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

By John Godfrey Saxe

Saxe was an American poet who wrote many humorous short poems.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant, —
Though all of them were blind, —
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Now bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take

The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is very plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,

Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong!

Words for study: —

Indostan tusk resembles marvel scope

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

By Richmond Pearson Hobson

Richmond Pearson Hobson was born in Alabama in 1872. When a boy he decided to become a naval engineer, and went to the Naval Academy. He was a faithful student, of blameless habits, using neither wine nor tobacco, leading in class and in prayer meeting.

When only seventeen he graduated at the head of his class. He then went abroad and spent several years studying naval architecture in English and French shipyards.

At the age of twenty-six he was a simple, modest gentleman, the son of a race of gentlemen. Courtesy, courage, Christian uprightness, and devotion to duty were part and parcel of him. And then in the course of his duty came fame.

Captain Hobson was one of the men whose work it is to see that the United States has the best ships that can be made. To see how war ships work in actual service, he was, in 1898, ordered on board the *New York*.

Now the *New York* was one of the American ships which followed the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera and penned it up in Santiago harbor. It was very important that the

Spaniards should not be allowed to make their escape. There was danger that they would slip out at night or that the American fleet would be scattered by a sudden tropical storm and set them free.

Captain Hobson devised a plan to hold them in the harbor. His plan was to take the *Merrimac*, a ship loaded with two thousand tons of coal, and sink it right across the narrow mouth of the channel. It would be like putting a stopper in a bottle. Inside would be the Spanish fleet.

The plan was approved, and Captain Hobson set to work to carry it out. With eight men aiding him, he took the *Merrimac* into the mined harbor under the fire of three land batteries and a powerful fleet. The ship was sunk, but on account of the loss of her rudder, not just where it was desired. Wonderful to tell, the gallant crew were unhurt. They were taken prisoners by the Spaniards, but a month later they were exchanged.

The world rang with praise of the daring deed. Here is the story as Captain Hobson told it in simple, well-chosen words, with full acknowledgment of the courage of his followers, but with small reference to himself.

It is known that when the call was made for volunteers to go on the *Merrimac* literally the men fell over one another in their eagerness to volunteer. The list on the *New York* ran above a hundred, and the *Iowa* sent over the signal that one hundred and forty would volunteer, before the order was passed that no more volunteers were needed.

When the few out of this number had been assigned to stations on the *Merrimac*, the direction



"EACH MAN AT HIS POST"

was given to them to lie flat on their faces. Two were stationed by the anchor gear, others by the torpedoes arranged along the side, while two were in the engine room.

The directions were that no man should pay any attention to the fire of the enemy. It was agreed by each that he should not even look up over his shoulder to see where the firing came from. If a man was wounded he was to place himself in a sitting or a kneeling posture, so that when the signal was given him to perform his duty he could do it to the best advantage. So they lay there, each man at his post, until the duty of each was performed.

Under what difficulties it was done you may understand when I tell you that out of the seven torpedoes placed along the side five were shot away. The steering gear also was shot away, and the projectiles that were hurled at us came more as a continuous stream than as separate shots. But through the whole storm these "Jackies" lay there without moving, each one ready to do his duty as he had been instructed. There was not only the plunging fire from the forts on both sides, but a terrific fire from the fleet in the harbor.

When the duty was done and the boys had assembled on the quarterdeck, the vessel began to sink, —

slowly, because there were only two remaining torpedoes of the seven to be exploded to sink the ship. But the sailors remained there without stirring.

For ten minutes they stood there, amid a rain of fire from the enemy's vessels in the harbor and from the batteries, when it was only a question of death in the next projectile, or the next, or the next, or else of being struck with some of the fragments. They stood quietly on a deck sinking underneath them.

This simple order was given, "No man move until further orders." If there ever was a moment when the order, "Every man for himself," "Jump overboard," "Get away from this any way — anyhow," was justifiable, it was at this time. But not a man budged. Later, when this same group was in the water, clinging, with heads just above the water, the enemy's picket boats came peering around with their lanterns. The impulse was strong to slip off the raft and swim for the shore or for the entrance of the harbor. But the same order was given: "No man move until further orders," and there for nearly an hour these men stayed — every one.

That afternoon, by the kindness of the gallant commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces, Admiral Cervera, the effects of the sailors were brought off from their ship by a boat that went out under a flag of truce, to tell of their safety. One of the sailors,

named Charette, was allowed to come over to my cell with a package for me. This man was the spokesman of the others, when, after referring to what they had been through during the night, he said: "We would do it over again to-night, sir!"

The Spanish authorities thought that an American battleship had been sunk and that we were probably the only survivors of a crew of five or six hundred men, and next day they questioned us to find out the facts. Soldiers of the guard made significant signs — drawing their hands across their throats — at which our seamen merely laughed.

Charette, who speaks French, was the spokesman of our party. He was asked by a Spanish major, "What was the object of your coming in here?"

Charette drew himself up and replied: "In the United States navy it is not the custom for the sailors to know or to ask to know the object of an action of their superior officers."

Words for study: —

naval	batteries	torpedoes	truce
architecture	volunteers	projectiles	survivors
courtesy	assigned	justifiable	significant

Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

— TENNYSON

IN THE UNION

THE SOUTHERN VETERAN SPEAKS

By Frank Lebby Stanton

I've faced the fight with Jackson, I've marched along
with Lee;
I had some words with Sherman as he galloped to
the sea;
Exchanged brisk compliments with Grant when vic-
t'ry seemed in view,
My old steel bayonet glittering at many a breast in
blue.

But now I'm in the Union! I see there overhead
The flag our fathers fought for, her rippling rills of
red
All glorious and victorious, the splendor of her
stars,
And I say: "The blood of heroes dyed all her crim-
son bars."

I'm for that flag forever 'gainst foes on sea and
shore.
Who shames her? Who defames her? Give me
my gun once more!
We'll answer when they need us, when the war fires
light the night;

There's a Lee still left to lead us to the glory of the fight!

See how the old flag ripples and flaunts her folds in scorn!
Her stars and bars will be the joy of nations yet unborn;
And though she waves o'er new-made graves, 'neath alien sod and dew,
There, in the starry silences, the Gray sleep with the Blue.

We're one in heart forever, we're one in heart and hand;
The flag's a challenge to the sea, a garland to the land.
We're united, one great country: Freedom's the watchword still;
There's a Lee that's left to lead us, let the storm break where it will!

Words for study:—

brisk defames alien challenge watchword

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—Scott

A BRAVE RESCUE

FROM "LORNA DOONE," BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

Blackmore was an English novelist, whose best work is "Lorna Doone." It is not a book for children, but they enjoy the story of John Ridd's boyhood.

It happened upon a November evening that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pens one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it.

There were thirteen ducks — ten lily-white and three brown-striped ones — and they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there, and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the over-excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending.

Annie began to cry "dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem. But instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together and looked grave, and went round and round again.

Now, I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether

roistering, roosting, or roasted; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, poddling one after other, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib their bills and dabble and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it.

I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck-world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them, like a good duck-wife, and could only find thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us. When we got down to the foot of the court-yard, where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the melancholy of the duck-birds.

Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley-meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family — this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly.

For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his childhood and wherein he was wont to quest for waternewts and tadpoles and other game, — this

brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it.

Between two bars going see-saw among the drift-stuff and flood-wood on the waters was our venerable drake, jammed in by the joint of his shoulder. He was speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his top-knot full of water, and his tail washed far away from him, often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly by the falling of the bars.

For a moment I could not help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye, having lost one in a fight with a turkey-cock, a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the rush carried him back again.

And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt, by the way he spluttered and failed to quack and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked

not the look of it, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water. "Ho, there," he cried; "get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his mare,—she was just the tint of a strawberry, a young thing and very beautiful,—and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it.

She entered the flood, with her dainty fore-legs sloped further and further in front of her and her delicate ears pricked forward and the size of her great eyes increasing, but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knee on her.

Then she looked back and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on, and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders, and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her fore-feet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught old Tom with his left hand, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude.

In a moment all three were carried down stream,

and the rider lay flat on his back and made for the bend of smooth water. They landed some thirty or forty yards lower in the midst of our kitchen-garden. But though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another.

Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs. Old Tom stood up quite bravely and clapped his wings and shook off the wet from his tail feathers. Then he went away into the court-yard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and put their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

Words for study: —

triangles	intruding	quest
roistering	predicament	turbid

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE[1]

By Sidney Lanier

Lanier was an American poet. He wrote many beautiful poems, and some books for children which you will read later.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier," copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —

Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain,
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Words for study: —

amain	thrall	manifold	luminous	lures
attain	fondling	quartz	amethyst	fain

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

— POPE

CRUSOE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE WRECK

FROM "ROBINSON CRUSOE," BY DANIEL DE FOE

(See biographical sketch on page 327)

I

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief. For I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had been all safe, that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was.

This forced tears to my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship. So I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board, for as she lay aground and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam around her twice. The second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hung down by the forechains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope I got up into the forecastle of the ship.

Here I found that the ship was bulged and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry. For you may be sure my first work was to search, and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with

many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away.

When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me I tied four of them together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft. Laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go on beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea, but I was not long considering this.

I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft.



The first of these I filled with provisions, viz.: bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, — which we lived much upon, — and a little remainder of European corn, which had been

laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but to my great disappointment, I found afterward that the rats had eaten and spoiled it all.

II

While I was doing this I found the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore upon the sand, swim away. As for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this set me rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore. And it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship lading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder horns and a small bag of shot and two

old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stored them. But with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder. The least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements, — first, a smooth, calm sea; second, the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; third, what little wind there was blew me toward the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, two saws, an ax, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea.

For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distance from the place where I had landed before. By this I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and, consequently, I hoped to find some creek or river there which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft,

as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream.

But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think, verily, would have broken my heart. Knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward the end that was afloat and so fallen into the water.

I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in. Holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level.

A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get on shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore

of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again. That shore lying pretty steep, — that is to say, sloping, — there was no place to land but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again.

All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away and left my raft and cargo safe on shore.

Words for study: —

I.	destitute	ammunition	rudder	durst
	extremity	fowling piece	navigation	cove
II.	rummaging	freighted	shoal	ebbed



DANIEL DE FOE

1661–1731

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR

He wrote fiction, biography, poetry, and many religious and political works. Of his two hundred works, "Robinson Crusoe" and "The History of the Great Plague" are the best.

Read "Robinson Crusoe."

"Perhaps there exists no work in the English language which has been more generally read and more universally admired than 'The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.'"

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

In England about two hundred years ago there lived a man from whose busy pen came over two hundred books. Even the names of most of them are forgotten now, but one will live until good stories cease to be loved. That one is "Robinson Crusoe."

Daniel Foe, or De Foe, as he afterward called himself, was the son of a London butcher. Little is known of his early life. His father had him educated for the ministry, but he decided to become a tradesman instead.

De Foe's enemies accused him of being ignorant and uneducated, but, if we may credit his own statement, he was no poor scholar. He says that he had studied mathematics, logic, natural philosophy, history, and geography, and was master of five languages, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek; certainly he was master of his own English language. His writing is remarkable for its strength and purity of style.

De Foe was a man of action as well as a man of letters. During his three score and ten years, he was merchant, manufacturer, soldier, politician, editor, poet, writer of biography, fiction, and political pamphlets.

He failed in his first business venture and was forced to become bankrupt. The English law against

debtors was very severe at that time, and to escape imprisonment, De Foe left home and fled to Bristol. During the week he stayed indoors to keep from being arrested, but on Sunday, dressed in fashionable clothes, he walked about the streets. He thus obtained the name of "the Sunday gentleman."

His next enterprise was a factory for bricks and tiles. Judging from the fragments which have been dug up, he made good, sound bricks and deserved to prosper as he did. From his first profits he paid all his creditors in full, instead of the smaller sum they had agreed to accept.

De Foe was too energetic to be content with private enterprises, and he took an active part in public affairs. He wrote many political pamphlets. In those days of few books and papers, a man who wished to influence public opinion wrote a pamphlet and had it sold on the streets and in book-shops. They served the purpose of the hour but were seldom kept, and so many of De Foe's works were lost.

One of De Foe's poems, called "The Trueborn Englishman," became very popular. It made its writer personally known to King William, who gave him an office and a pension. De Foe lived in comfort for a few years, until the death of the king reduced him once more to poverty.

De Foe's next important work was a religious satire.

Unfortunately it was written in such a serious way that it was taken in earnest by all parties. The book was burned by the hangman, and the author was fined and put in prison.

The poor prisoner had a wife and six children to support, and at this task he set bravely to work. He began to write "The Review," a journal discussing social and political matters. This was published two or three times a week for several years, for the most part without any help.

Still the author found time to listen to the tales of his fellow-prisoners, — pirates, highwaymen, and others, — and their tales furnished material later on for his books.

At last De Foe was released from prison, and he began to write political articles in favor of the party then in power. He does not seem to have had any real attachment to any party, but was true, as a rule, to the cause of liberty.

He was interested in all the interests of the day. When a distinguished man died — pirate, clergyman, or king — De Foe at once brought out a biography of him. He did not at all confine himself to saying what was true, but wrote in a plain, straightforward way the things which, judging by the person's character and life, might have been true. Thus De Foe began to write fiction while he was seeming to

write fact, and people said that above all men he had the art of "lying like truth."

He was an old man, nearly sixty years of age, when he wrote his famous "Robinson Crusoe." A few years before, a sailor named Alexander Selkirk had been rescued after four years on a lonely island. This suggested to De Foe the story of a shipwrecked sailor cast ashore on a desert island, living for years by his own wits, industry, and courage.

The author of the life of Robinson Crusoe is one of the few men who could have lived it. He himself had led a strange, eventful life. He had met many difficulties with the ready ingenuity, patience, and courage which he described in his hero.

"Robinson Crusoe" met with instant success, and has remained a favorite to this day. It has been translated into many languages and read with delight by many people, from the London workman in his garret to the Arab wanderer in his tent.

De Foe's best-known book, next to this world classic, is "The Journal of the Great Plague." It claims to have been written by an eye witness of the plague of 1666, and is so minute and natural that it long passed for genuine history.

The success of De Foe's works of fiction brought prosperity to the author. He had a large country home with beautiful pleasure grounds, and kept a

coach. His leisure was pleasantly occupied with his garden and his studies.

But the undutiful and dishonest conduct of one of his sons brought trouble to his old age, and the last two years of De Foe's life were spent as a wanderer and a fugitive. Thus was added another change to those of which he wrote when he said: —

"No man hath tasted differing fortunes more
For thirteen times have I been rich and poor."

Words for study: —

logic	debtors	energetic	pirates
style	enterprise	satire	minute
fiction	tiles	pension	fugitive

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

— LONGFELLOW

DAFFODILS

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
 In such jocund company:
I gazed and gazed, — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Words for study: —

continuous jocund vacant pensive

Why is "wandered" used here instead of "walked"?
Write four other words having the same meaning as "jocund."

THE SHELL

By Alfred Tennyson

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand!
Small, but a work divine!
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

OUR NATION'S STRONGHOLDS

By Henry Woodfin Grady

Grady was an American journalist and orator. He won national reputation by his able and sensible speeches on southern questions.

I went to Washington the other day and I stood on the Capitol hill, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's capitol. A mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the president, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there.

I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty.

And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged its final uplifting.

But a few days afterward I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple house, set about with great trees and encircled with meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest.

The fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and the clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort.

Outside there stood my friend, the master, — a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage

on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, — master of his land and master of himself.

There was his old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And, as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as we approached the door, the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their nest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing from an unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were falling from the sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and called them to their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while he closed the record of that day by calling down God's blessing on that simple home.

While I gazed, the vision of the marble capitol faded; forgotten were its treasuries and its majesty; and I said: "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

AMERICA [1]

By Sidney Lanier

Now praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now praise to man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be!
How long, good angel, oh how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!
"Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier," copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

Vowels

ā	māte	ė	rėward	ū	ūse
ă	măt	ĕ	hĕr	ŭ	ŭs
å	senåte	ī, ȳ	bīte, bȳ	ů	pictůre
ä	cärt	ĭ, y̆	bĭt, hy̆mn	û	bûrn
ȧ	lȧst	i	idea	ụ	pụll
ą	fą̄ll	ī	sīr	o͞o	so͞on
â	câre	ō	gō	o͝o	go͝od
ē	wē	ŏ	gŏt	oi, oy	soil, boy
ĕ	wĕt	ȯ	viȯlent	ou, ow	our, cow

Vowel Equivalents

ą = ŏ	whąt	ï = ē	pïque	ọ = ụ, o͝o	wọman
e̱ = ă	obe̱y	ô = ą	côrn	ȯ = ŭ	dȯne
ê = â	thêre	ọ = o͞o	whọ		

Consonants

c	can	g	give	th	think
ç	çity	ġ	ġem	th	then
ch	choose	n̲	lin̲k	x	vex
eh	ehorus	s	sun	x̱	ex̱ist
çh	çhaise	s̱	has̱		

LIST OF AFFIXES

PREFIXES

a = in, on : abed.
be = by : because.
dis = not : dislike.
en = make, cause : enrich.
for = against, away : forbid.
fore = before : foresee.
in = in : inset.
in, ig, im, ir = not : impossible.
mis = wrong, bad : mistake.
out = beyond : outdo.
over = above, beyond : overbid.
re = back : return.
un = not : unkind.
under = beneath : underwood.
with = against : withhold.

SUFFIXES

able, ible = that can, having the quality of : lovable.
age, al, ance, ion, ity, ment, ry, ure, y = act or state, that which : pleasure.
ant, ent, ian, ist, ite, or = one who : actor.
ant, ate, ent, ive, ous = having the quality of : attentive.
ar, ard, er, ier, ster, yer = one who : liar.
dom = state, quality : freedom.
en (noun) = little : chicken.
en (adjective) = made of, like : wooden.
en (verb) = make : weaken.
ern = like, relating to : southern.
fy = make : beautify.
ful = full of : hopeful.
head, hood = state, quality : childhood.
ic = like, relating to : poetic.
ie, kin, let, ling, ock = little : birdie.
ish = like : girlish.
ism = quality of : heroism.
ize = make, act like : colonize.
less = without : hopeless.
like, ly = like : princely.
ly (adverb) = in a manner : calmly.
ness = state, quality : badness.
ship = state, quality : friendship.
some = full of, causing : tiresome.
teen = ten : sixteen.
ty = ten times : sixty.
ward = toward : westward.
wise = manner : likewise.
y = like, having quality of : dusty.

WORD LIST

NANCY PANSY AND HARRY

ĭn tĕnt′: having the mind fixed on; purpose.
lieū tĕn′ant: an officer in the army next below a captain.
su pē′rĭ or: higher in rank.
out rănk: be above in rank.
fū′rĭ oŭs: very angry.

THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY

lär′væ: caterpillars; insects in the first stage after leaving the eggs.
mōult: shed skin, hair, and the like.
cŏn trăct′ĕd: became smaller.
chrȳs′a lĭs: a form into which the caterpillar, or larva, of butterflies and some other insects passes, and from which the perfect insect comes.
poised: balanced.
ĕm′ĭ gråte: move from one country or state to settle in another.

TO A BUTTERFLY

mō′tion lĕss: without moving.
wēa′rȳ: tired.
săn̈ct′ŭ a rȳ: holy place; place of protection.

LITTLE FRIENDS IN FAIRYLAND

feigned: pretended.
knight: a man who has a rank, or position, which entitles him to be called sir.
dĭ′å dĕm: crown.
grĭ măl′kĭn: an old cat.
fāy: fairy.
grĭg: cricket.
rōv′ĕr: wanderer.
hêir: one who succeeds to title or property.
māimed: crippled.
rĕalm: country; kingdom.

SISTY'S DOMINO BOX

I. **dĕlf**: earthenware covered with white glazing.
triçe: short time; instant.
sçēne: objects or actions seen at once; place of action.
rāng′ĭng: placing in order; arranging in rows.
bė̊ seech′ĭng lȳ: beggingly.
II. **shĭl′lĭng**: an English coin worth about twenty-four cents.
sĭx′pençe: an English coin worth about twelve cents.
knĭck′knăcks: trifles; toys.
ĕn′trȳ: note, as of a sale; entrance.
lĭb′er al: free; generous.
cŏm mĕn dā′tion̨s: praises.
săn̈c′tĭ tȳ: holiness.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

aȳe: yes.
stûr′dȳ: strong.
stănch: firm, sound.
pȧss′ĭng: surpassing, exceedingly.

A MAD TEA PARTY

I. **çĭv′ĭl**: polite.
sė̊ vĕr′ĭ tȳ: strictness; harshness.
glōōm′ĭ lȳ: sadly.
III. **prė̊ pōs′al**: offer; plan.
trēa′cle: sirup; molasses.
ĕx traôr′dĭ na rȳ: wonderful; uncommon.
ŏf fĕnd′ĕd: displeased.
sŭlk′ĭ lȳ: crossly.
hŭm′blȳ: meekly; in a modest way.
dōze: sleep.
dĭs gŭst′: distaste; dislike.
ĭn′stănt lȳ: at once.

LEWIS CARROLL

schŏl'ar: a learned person.
ū nĭ vĕr'sĭ tў: college; school where medicine, law, theology, science, and the arts are taught.
ĕx cūr'sion: trip for pleasure or health.
tū'tor: teacher.
mė̆ chăn'ĭc al: working by machinery; without effort.
ĭn tẽr lāç'ĭng: inserted one within another.

ELDORADO

Ĕl dŏ rä'dŏ: a fabled country in South America, said to be full of gold and gems.
bė̆ dight': dressed; set off.
găl'lant: brave.

LOLLO, THE RED PONY

I. **ġўp'sў**: one of a wandering race who live, usually, by begging, stealing, and horse trading.
spûrned: kicked; pushed aside.
nĭm'ble: active; quick.
pound: English money worth about $4.84.
ŏp pŏr tū'nĭ tў: suitable time.
hŏn'or a ble: deserving honor; noble.
vĭv'ĭd: bright.
mĭl'ĭ ta rў: of a soldier; warlike.
II. **blast**: blowing; sound made by blowing a wind instrument; injure.
swōōp: sweep; seize while on the wing.

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY

dĕllş: small valleys.
clăng'ĭng: ringing.
trĕss'ĕş: curls of hair.
mўr'ĭ ad: a great number.
beaū'tė̆ oŭs: beautiful.
shōrn: cut.

TREE NEIGHBORS

I. **căr'bon dĭ ŏx'ĭde**: a gas, composed of carbon and oxygen, which is fatal to animal life.
ŏx'ў ġĕn: one of the gases of which air is composed.
bälmş: gummy saps or juices.
stăm'ĭ nāte: producing stamens.
pĭs'tĭl lāte: having a pistil but no stamens.
glŏss'ў: smooth and shining.
gnărled: knotted; twisted.
çĭr cūm'fẽr ençe: distance around.
sīte: situation; place.
II. **dĭ ăm'ė̆ tẽr**: distance through.
pā'trĭ ŏt: one who loves his country.
ġī găn'tĭc: very large.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

cŏt: small house; cottage.
rė̆ nown': fame.
fôr beâr': stop; keep away from.
grāte'fụl: welcome; thankful.
brāve: meet with courage; daring; a brave person, as an Indian warrior.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

mōōred: fastened, as by ropes and anchors.
cŏn'quer or: one who overcomes by force.
aīsleş: passages, as in a church.
ăn'thĕmş: songs; hymns.
sōared: flew high.
hōar'ў: white or gray, as with age.
sė̆ rēne'lў: quietly.
shrīne: holy place; altar.

ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY

I. **ō'vẽr whĕlmed**: overcome; cast down.
nŏv'el tў: newness.
ăb lū'tionş: the act of washing; bathing.
bru̇'tal: cruel; like a brute.
shĭed: threw.
bu̇l'lў: a quarrelsome, overbearing person.

fôrm : class, in an English school.
vēr'ġēr : attendant.
II. **lĕav'en** : make a general change; raise and make light, as dough; yeast.
lōathed : hated.
brăg'gart : boaster; vain fellow.
pŭb'lĭ can : a Roman tax gatherer. See St. Luke xviii. 10–14.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL

glōam'ĭng : twilight.
ēr'mĭne : a beautiful white fur, sometimes marked with black.
ēarl : an English nobleman.
Căr rā'rā : a town in Italy, famous for its marble quarries.
chănt'ĭ cleer : cock.
grăd'ů al : coming by degrees; slow.

THE SNOW IMAGE

I. **rŭd'dĭ nĕss** : redness.
phiz (fĭz) : face.
ĕ mērġed' : came from.
wrôught : worked.
ûr'chĭn : small boy.
II. **ăt'mos phere** (fĕre) : air.
ĭn tĕnse'lў : earnestly; attentively.
sĭn'gů lar : strange; one by itself.
ăs'pĕct : look; seeming.
lăg : walk slowly; stay behind.
cŏm'prĕ hĕnd : understand.
ĭm mĕnse' : very great.
ăs sĕv'ēr ăt ĕd : declared; said earnestly.
III. **blēak** : cold; cheerless.
flĭm'sў : thin.
bĕ nĕv'o lent : kind; disposed to do good.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

I. **quāint** : odd.
sĕ clūd'ĕd : shut in; separated from others.
bi ŏg'ra pher (fēr) : one who writes the history of a person's life.
mĕm oirs' (worș) : life of a person; history written from personal experience.
II. **gāu'ġer** : a person whose business it is to find out the contents of casks.
lēi'sure (zhûr) : time free from work.
faun : a fabled being, half man and half goat.
mўs'tēr ў : great secret.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST

gīrd'led : surrounded, as with a girdle or belt.
dĭn : loud noise.
yūle lŏgș : logs of wood put on the fire at Yule, or Christmas.
bĕn ĕ dĭc'tion : blessing.
ŭn blĕnch'ĭng : not drawing back from fear.
gŭt'tŭr al : formed in the throat.
strōde : walked with long steps.
yēarn'ĭng : longing.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

drĕad : fear.
ser'aph (af) : angel.

HOW MADAM LIBERALITY EARNED HER CHRISTMAS MONEY

I. **lĭb'er ăl ĭ tў** : generosity; freeness in giving.
ĭn vērt'ĕd : put upside down; turned over.
whêre'wĭth al : the means with which to do something.
wrăth : anger.
prŏj'ĕct : plan.
coun'tĕr ăct : hinder; act in opposition to.
fär'thĭng : an English coin worth about a half cent.
cō ērçe' : force.
fănġș : things by which hold is taken; here used of teeth with long roots.
ĕx trăct'ĕd : drawn out; removed by force.
ăs sĭst'ant : one who assists; helper.
hâlf-a-crown : a crown is an English coin worth about $1.20.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

cŏn'vĕnt: house occupied by monks; body of monks or nuns.
därk'sŏme: dark; gloomy.
mēre: lake.
dōle: that which is dealt out, especially in charity; give out in small quantities.
măn'nȧ: food furnished the Jews in their journey through the wilderness; hence, divinely supplied food.
ç̣ĕ lĕs'tĭ al: heavenly.
lāyş̣: songs.
hŏm'ĭ lў: sermon.

RAPHAEL

I. **pōr'trȧ̊it**: picture of a person.
beaū'tĭ fў: make beautiful; decorate.
frĕs'cŏ: paintings put on wet plaster and allowed to dry with it.
tăp'ĕs trĭeş̣: wall hangings of wool and silk, often interwoven with gold and silver.
II. **pā'trŏn**: originally, a master who had freed his slaves but still had some rights over them; hence, one who supports or helps another; protecting.
cŏn'sĕ crāt ĕd: holy; set apart to the service of God.

GLUCK'S VISITOR

I. **ăl'tĭ tūde**: height; highest point.
ĕ nôr'moŭs: very large.
pâr'a lўzed: deprived of the power of motion.
gŭst: sudden blast of wind.
grŭff'lў: roughly; harshly.
II. **mĕl'an chŏl ў**: sad.
In tĕr pōsed': placed between; interfered.

THE SANDPIPER

drĭft'wood: wood drifted or floated by water.
sŭl'len: cross; angry.
scŭd: fly hastily; run; runner.
reefed: made smaller, as a sail, by folding.
fĭt'fụl: changeable.
drā'pēr ў: the clothes with which anything is draped or hung; garments.
scăng: looks at carefully.
wrôth: angry.

A YOUNG HERO

I. **rŏ măn'tĭc**: fanciful.
a pŏl'ŏ gў: excuse.
çhĕv'rŏn: marks on the sleeve of an officer's coat to show his rank.
cŏr'pŏ ral: an officer of low rank.
căp'tor: one who takes, as a prisoner or a prize.
II. **ghȧst'lў**: like a ghost; pale; deathlike.
dra gōōn': a soldier who serves either on foot or on horseback.
squạd: small party of men.

DIXIE

bė fāll': happen to; come to pass.
bēa'con: signal fire, especially one to tell of the approach of an enemy.
pīke: a staff with a pointed steel head.
sā'bēr: sword.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

cŏn'stant: not changing; lasting.
dī'ȧ lĕct: form of speech; especially, forms of expression used only in certain parts of a country.
pā'thŏs: that which excites tender feeling; grief.
ĭn dūçed': prevailed on; caused.
lē'gal: relating to law; lawful.
mŏd'eled: planned after a pattern.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

speed'ĭ lў: quickly.
mĭl'dew: a thin, whitish, powdery coating found on decaying substances; affected with mildew.
dăṇk: wet.

lĭn'seed: flaxseed.
crŏft: small field.
tōw: coarse flax.
hĕmp'en: made of hemp, a plant something like flax.
prĭth'ee: pray thee; I beg.

HARE AND HOUNDS

I. **făgs**: in English schools, boys who perform services for boys in higher classes.
II. **vân'tăge**: ground gained that gives advantage; place that favors success.
băf'fle: check by turning; keep from carrying out a purpose.
fâres: happens; is in any state of things.
III. **rue'fụl lў**: sadly; regretfully.
sēn'ior: older.
sŭ pēr'flŭ oŭs: more than is wanted; useless.
rė vēaled': shown; made known.
griēv'anç ės: troubles.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

rė pĕl': drive back; refuse.
quĕnch: put out.
fōld: sheepfold; place for keeping sheep.
āiled: was the matter with; troubled.
gŏod hăp: luckily; good luck.

TOM, THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

I. **līme**: a kind of tree; linden or bass wood.
keep'ēr: one who has the care of anything; as, the keeper of a park.
bīdes: stays; waits.
vĕl'vĕt ėens: cotton cloth made to look like velvet; clothes made of velveteen.
rhō dŏ dĕn'drons: small evergreens bearing rose-colored or purple flowers.
a zā'lė ăs: a kind of flowering plant.
II. **băth**: bath tub; the act of washing.
blēared: dim or sore, applied to the eyes.
plŭn'dēr: rob; steal; take by force; that which is taken from an enemy.

TOM, THE WATER BABY

I. **nĭm'blў**: with quick, active motion.
căd'dĭs: the larva, or grub, of the caddice fly, a kind of insect.
crўs'tal: very clear glass, or anything like it.
hŏv'ēr: a shelter made by hanging over; hang fluttering in the air.
sŭlk'ў: cross.
ĕl'ė gant: beautiful; graceful.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

sўm'pa thў: pity; kindness of feeling, especially toward one who suffers.
ĭn spīred': affected, as with good influence; breathed in; holy.
ĕn dēared': made dear.
ĭn'çĭ dent: something which happens by chance and unexpectedly.
mĭr'a cles: wonderful things; especially, things contrary to the usual course of events.
prŏv'ĭ dençe: foresight; especially, the care of God for His creatures.

THE FARMER'S GOLD

ĕm'ĕr ald: a precious stone, green in color; green like an emerald.
ĕx păndş': becomes larger; spreads out.
ăr rāyş': dresses; places in order.
bā tons': staves used for different purposes, such as for beating time in music, etc.
ăn'nŭ al lў: yearly.
cŏn sūm'a ble: that which can be wasted or destroyed.
trănş mūt'ĕd: changed.
staḷ'wart: strong; brave.

CONTENTED JOHN

fôrt'û nāte: lucky; happy.
cạ lăm'ĭ tĭeṣ: misfortunes; distresses.
dė̆ spŏnd'ençe: lack of hope; despair.
sō'cĭ(shĭ) a ble: friendly.

MAGGIE IN TROUBLE

I. **jăg'gĕd**: uneven.
păng: sudden pain.
dė̆ lĭv'ĕr ançe: freedom.
păs'sion āte: showing strong feeling; excited; easily made angry.
II. **rė̆ ṣĭst'ĭng**: hindering; struggling against.
ŭn'cŏn çērned: not anxious; careless.
tŏl'ĕr a ble: that can be borne; moderately good.
rė̆ flĕct'ĭve: thoughtful.
rė̆ prōōf': blame.
dė̆ rĭs(rĭzh)**'ĭon**: mockery; a laughingstock.
ĭg'nō mĭn ў: shame; public disgrace.
sōōth'ĭng lў: in a calming, pleasing manner.

BETTER THAN GOLD

grănd'eûr: the quality of being grand; greatness.
lŭsts: desires; eagerness to possess.
lŏft'ў: high.
ĕn nō'ble: make noble.

THE FIRE WATER

dĭ mĭn'ĭshed: made less.
căt a răct: waterfall.
dė̆ pärt'ĕd: went away.
dĕs'ō lā tion: ruin; sadness.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

hāle: healthy; strong.
blīthe: merry.
bûr'den: chorus; that which is carried.
dŏffed: took off.
quōth: said.
fee: pay; reward for service rendered.

THE NORSE MYTHS

mўthṣ: stories and fables teaching some truth, especially of a religious nature.
cŏn'quĕstṣ: things gained by force; victories.
ū'nĭ vērse: the world; all created things, taken as a whole.
wạr'rĭors(yerṣ): soldiers.
Ạu rō'rạ Bō rė̆ ā'lĭs: lights sometimes seen at night in the northern skies, supposed to be caused by electricity.
ĕn çĭr'cled: formed a ring around.

THE DEATH OF BALDER

I. **ōre**: metal combined with some other substance.
grăn'ĭte: a kind of rock.
sŏm'bĕr: grave.
vĕn'ŏm oŭs: poisonous.
ė̆ rĕct': upright; lift up.
II. **ĕn trēat'ĕd**: begged; asked earnestly.
hăg'gard: wasted by want or suffering.
wāil: grieve over.

THOR IN GIANT-LAND

ĕx pė̆ dĭ'tionṣ: important undertakings at a distance; goings forth for some object of importance.
hăb ĭ tā'tionṣ: dwellings.
pōrt măn'teau (tō): a bag in which to carry clothes, etc.
dĭnt: blow; mark left by a blow.
ăd mĭt'tĕd: let in; received as true.
dė̆ cĕp'tion: deceit; cheat.
gīrdṣ: makes fast, as clothing, with a belt, cord, or the like; surrounds.
smīte: strike.

LITTLE GIFFEN

fō'cal: central.
dīre: dreadful.
găn'grēne: eating sores.
spĕc'tēr: ghost.

sûr'ġeȯns: doctors, especially those who use the knife to remove wounded limbs, etc.
bāt'ĕd: abated; lessened.
skĕl'ĕ tȯn: the bones of the body; hence, a very thin person.
glĭnt: glance.
dĕ spīte': in spite of.
chĭv'al rў: body of knights, or soldiers of high rank, serving on horseback.

STONEWALL JACKSON

sŭb lĭm'ĭ tў: nobleness of nature; greatness.
pŭl sā'tion: the act of beating or throbbing, as the heart.
dē'ĭ tĭes: heathen gods.
pa̤ll: a large black cloth thrown over a coffin at a funeral.
de̤ to̤ur': a journey made in a circle; winding.
de vīce': a figure used as the type or sign of something else.
mū'tĭ lāt ĕd: crippled, having lost the use of a limb.
ĭr re ṣĭst'ĭ ble: not to be opposed.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

bra̤wlṣ: roars, as water; quarrels.
bûr'lў: big and rough.
brĭg ād̆e': a large body of soldiers.
ă skew': aside.
păt: suitable to time and place; fit.
rout: put to flight.
lĭsts: the place of a race or fight.
gôrġe: a narrow pass between mountains.
bāy'ō nĕtṣ: short, pointed weapons made with rings to go over the muzzles of guns.
grāpe: grapeshot, a kind of shot.

THE MOCKING BIRD

ôr nĭ thŏl'ō ġĭst: a person who makes a study of birds.
ġe'nĭ al: cheerful and cheering.
haut(hō)'boy: a musical wind instrument.
cȯm'pass: range of notes; an instrument to show direction.
rĕnt: burst; torn; a break made by force.
ăr'dent: eager; fiery.
ĭn spĕct'ĕd: looked at carefully.
ăt tūneṣ': tunes.

ALI COGIA

I. **Cā'lĭph** (lĭf): a title given to an Eastern ruler; king.
căr'ă văn: a company of travelers in the East going together for safety.
II. **ȧs sured'** (shṳrd): sure, made sure; declared.
cau zee: an Eastern officer of justice.
wȯnt: used; accustomed; custom.
ĕx'çĕl lent: very good.
ĕv'ĭ dĕnçe: proof.
crĭm'ĭ năl: guilty person.
III. **shrewd'nĕss**: keenness; quickness of judgment.
ăc quĭt'tĕd: set free; cleared of blame.
plēad: carry on a case in law; offer in excuse.
cŏn dĕmn': decide guilty; blame.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

clēave: cut.
mōld: fine soft earth; shape; the vessel in which anything is cast and receives its form.
hăunt: visit often; a place one often visits.
lēa: field; meadow.
frṳit'ăġe: fruit.
sō'jo̤urn ērṣ: strangers; people who stay in a place a while.
rō'ṣĕ āte: rosy; rose colored.
vĕrd'ûr oŭs: green.
fra̤ud: deceit; cheat.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE

ăc cŏst'ĕd: spoke to.
flăt'tēr ў: praise; especially, undeserved praise.
rṳe: regret.

BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF

I. **wharf**: a platform extending from the shore into the water.
tăl'lŏw chănd lēr: candle maker.
mär'gĭn: border; edge.
thrŏnged: crowded.
quăg'mīre: miry land.
schēme: plan; purpose.
cŏn trīv'ançe: thing contrived; plan.
ŭp rōar'ĭ oŭs: noisy.
trănş pōrt'ĭng: carrying.
ĕc'stá sў: great joy; delight.
II. **pēr plĕx'ĭ tў**: doubt.
cŭl'prĭts: persons accused of crime; wrongdoers.
vĕr'ĭ lў: truly.
vā'rў: change.
cá reer': course of action; race.
ĕn dĕav'ŏred: tried.

ALFRED TENNYSON

pō'ĕt läu'rė̆ åte: a poet appointed by a king or queen to write verses for special occasions.
rĕc'tor: clergyman; minister of the gospel.
rė̆ vīş'ĭng: correcting; improving.
bė̆ rēaved': deprived of; taken away from.
ăp plied': made use of; declared fitting.
bāse: low; vile.

CROSSING THE BAR

ĕm bärk': go on board a vessel.
bōurn: bound; limit; hence, point aimed at.
pī'lŏt: one who guides a vessel.
bär: hinder; a sandbank making entrance difficult.

OUR EARTH'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

I. **ăs trŏn'ŏ mērş**: persons who study the stars.
tĕl'ė̆ scōpes: instruments used in viewing distant objects, as heavenly bodies.
trănş pâr'ent: clear; that can be seen through.
dĭs tĭn'gulsh: recognize; see; make known.
plăn'ĕts: heavenly bodies which move around the sun.
glōbe: round body; the earth.
II. **prŏ jĕct'ĭng**: shooting forward; reaching out.
ĭn hăb'ĭ tants: people who live in a place.

ODE ON CREATION

spā'cioŭs: roomy; very large.
ė̆ thē'rė̆ al: airy; heavenly.
cŏn fĭrm': make certain.
tĕr rĕs'trĭ al: earthly.
rā'dĭ ant: bright; shining.

HOW BLACK BEAUTY WAS HELPED UP HILL

cŏn tĭn'ŭ al lў: very often; never ending.
flŏg'gĭng: whipping.
fà tigue': weariness; toil.
chĕck'rein: a rein or strap by which a horse's head is held up.
dė̆ tāin': stop; delay.

MICHAEL ANGELO

ăn'çĕs torş: forefathers.
crĭt'ĭ çĭsm: opinion as to faults and beauties; judgment as to the merits of a work.
cŏm'băt: fight.
rĕş'ŏ lŭte: steady; determined.
scŭlp'tor: one who cuts or carves figures of stone, wood, or other material.
trāi'torş: persons who are false to their country.
ăr'chĭ tĕct: a person skilled in the art of building.
dōme: a rounded part of the roof which is raised above the rest.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

In dós tăn': a country in Asia, now called India.
tŭsk: a long, pointed tooth.
rė̆ şĕm'bleş: is like.
măr'vel: wonder.
scōpe: space for action; aim.

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

nā'val: having to do with ships; of a navy or ships.
ăr'chĭ tĕct ûre: art of building.
coûrt'ē sy: politeness.
băt'tēr ies: places where cannon are set to attack an enemy.
vŏl ŭn teers': those who enter into service of their own free will.
ăs signed': appointed; selected.
tôr pē'dŏes: engines used for blowing up ships; fireworks.
prŏ jĕct'iles: bodies propelled or thrown through the air, as cannon balls.
jŭs'tĭ fī a ble: that can be proved just or right.
truçe: pause, by agreement, in fighting.
sûr vīv'ors: those left alive.
sĭg nĭf'ĭ cant: full of meaning.

IN THE UNION

brĭsk: quick.
dē fāmes': speaks evil of; slanders.
āl'ien: not belonging to the same country.
chăl'lĕnġe: call to answer for an offense by fighting.
watch'word: password by which a friend is known from an enemy.

A BRAVE RESCUE

trī'ăn gles: figures having three sides and three angles.
rois'ter ing: blustering.
in trud'ing: coming or going without invitation.
pre dĭc'a mĕnt: an unfortunate condition.
quĕst; search.
tûr'bĭd: muddy; not clear.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

à māin': busily; with sudden force.
ăt tāin': reach; gain.
thrall: slave; captive.
fŏnd'ling: caressing; treating with great tenderness.
măn'ĭ fŏld: many.
quartz: a kind of rock.
lū'mĭ nous: bright; shining.
ăm'ē thyst: a gem of a violet color.
lūres: attractions; things which invite.
fāin: glad.

DAFFODILS

cŏn tĭn'ū oŭs: extended; without break.
jŏc'ŭnd: merry; gay.
vā'cant: not filled with work or care; empty.
pĕn'sĭve: thoughtful.

CRUSOE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE WRECK

I. **dĕs'tĭ tûte**: lacking; needy.
ĕx trĕm'ĭ tў: highest degree; utmost limit.
II. **rŭm'măġ ing**: searching carefully by turning over and moving things.
ăm mû nĭ'tion: gunpowder, shot, etc.
fowl'ing plēç'ĕs: light guns.
freight'ĕd: loaded.
rŭd'dēr: an instrument by which a ship is steered.
năv ĭ gā'tion: the science of managing a ship; the act of sailing.
shōal: place where water is not deep; sandbank.
dûrst: dared; ventured.
cōve: a small creek or bay.
ĕbbed: went back; sank.

DANIEL DE FOE

lŏġ'ĭc: the science of thought, or the laws of thought.
stўle: manner of expressing thought.
fĭc'tion: that which is invented or imagined, especially a story.
dĕbt'ors: persons who are in debt.
ĕn'tēr prişe: undertaking.
tīles: thin pieces of baked clay used for covering roofs, floors, etc.
ĕn ēr ġĕt'ĭc: active; full of energy.
săt'ĭre: ridicule; a work in prose or poetry which holds up something wrong to public blame.

pĕn'sion: money paid to a person for past services.
pī'rāteş: sea robbers.
mĭ nūte': very small.
fū'gĭ tĭve: one who runs away, especially from danger or punishment.

OUR NATION'S STRONGHOLDS

trė̆ mĕn'doŭs: awful; surprising by its greatness; very great.
sĭg nĭf'ĭ cançe: meaning; importance.
mȧ jĕs'tĭc: grand; noble.
ȧ rō'mȧ: pleasant smell.
thrĭft: careful management without loss or waste.
môrt'gāġe: a written promise to give up property if a debt is not paid within a certain time.
lī'en: charge on property for a debt.
măj'ĕs tў: greatness; high rank.

PROPER NAMES

Ăd'dĭ son
A'lĭ Cō'gĭ ȧ
Är'nold
Ăs'gärd
Äs'sĭ şĭ
Äs'tĕr oidş
Ąu'bûrn
Bäg'däd
Bąl'dĕr
Băn'crŏft
Bōw'do in
Broąd'blĭnk
Brȳ'ant
Caī'rō
Cąl'dȯn Lōw
Căm'brĭdġe
Căr lȳle'
Çĕr vę̆'rȧ
Çhȧ rĕtte'
Chăt ta hōō'-chee
Çĭn'trȧ
Clough (klŭf)
Cŏn'cȯrd
Dȧ măs'cŭs
Dė̆ Fōe'
Dŏdg'sȯn, Charles
Lŭt'wĭdġe
Ē'ġўpt
Ĕl dŏ rä'dŏ
Ĕv'ĕr ĕtt
Ĕv'ĕrs leў
Ew(ū)'ĭng, Jū lĭ ăn ȧ Hō rā tia
Frey'ȧ
Frĭg'gȧ
George Ĕl'iot
Gĭf'fen
Gląu'cŭs
Glŭck
Gŏ lī'ăth
Grā'dў
Hăb'ĕr shăm
Hänş
Hä roun' Äl Räs'chid
Hąw'thôrne
Heīm'dall
Hĕl'heīm
Hēm'ans, Fė̆ lĭç'ĭ ȧ Browne
Hĕr'mŏd
Hŏb'sȯn, Rĭch'mȯnd Pēar'sȯn
Hō'dĕr
How'ĭtt
Hūgheş
Hȳ pā'ti(shĭ)ȧ
Ĭ tăl'ian
Jăck'ȧ nāpeş
Jĕr'ĭ ehō
Jė̆ rū'sa lĕm
Jĕs'sȧ mĭne
Jū'lĭ ŭs
Jū'pĭ tĕr
Kēar'ў
Kĭ măn'chee
Lȧ niĕr', Sĭd'neў
Lăz'a rŭs
Lē'vīte
Lĭnd'şeў
Lō'kĭ
Lŏl'lŏ
Lōw'ĕll
Măc dŏn'ald
Măc kāy'
Mȧ dŏn'nȧ
Märş
Mąu'rĭçe
Mī'çha el Ăn'ġė̆ lō
Mĭd'gärd Serpent
Mĕc'cȧ

Mĕr'cŭ rў
Nĕp'tūne
Ō'dĭn
Ŏx'ford
Pälm'ĕr
Păt a gō'nĭ å
Pa tŭx'ent
Pēa bŏd'ў,
Sō phi(fī)'a
Pēaçe'stĕad
Pē'ō nў
Phil(fĭl)'ĭp-
pĭneş
Pĭ ę'tä
Pĭl'grĭmş
Plän'ĕt oidş
Plўm'oŭth
Prĕs'tŏn,
Mär'gå rĕt
Jŭnk'ĭn
Răph'(răf)a el
Rē'gĕnt's Pärk
Rō'a nŏke
Rŭg'bў
Rŭs'kĭn
St. Çĕ çĭl'ĭ å
St. Frän'çĭs
St. Sĭx'tŭs
Så măr'ĭ tan
Săxe, John
Gŏd'freў
Schwąrtz
Sĕl'kĭrk
Se(sų)'wall
Sĭs'tĭne
Skrў'mir
Stăn'tŏn
Sŭs'sĕx
Tāte, Nā'hŭm
Thąukt
Thăx'tĕr
Thĭ äl'fĭ
Thôr
Tĭck'nor
Tĭm'rŏd
Titi(tĭsh)'an
Tўr
Ū rā'nŭs
Ụt'gärd
Väs'cō
dä Gä'mä
Văt'ĭ căn
Vĕ nē'tian
Vĕn'ĭçe
Vĭn ci(chē')
Lę ō när'dō dä
Vĭt tō'rĭ å
Cō lōn'nä
Wą'tĕr lōō
Wĕst mĭn'ster
Ăb'beў
Wō'den
Yän'na här
Yeärd'leў

LIST OF BOOKS

FOR PUPILS

Among the Camps: T. N. Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Two Little Confederates: T. N. Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Little Lame Prince: D. Mulock-Craik.
Little Jarvis: M. E. Seawell.
Little Women: L. M. Alcott. Little, Brown, & Co.
Little Men: L. M. Alcott. Little, Brown, & Co.
The Water Babies: Charles Kingsley.
The King of the Golden River: John Ruskin.
Black Beauty: Anna Sewall.
The Wonder Book: Nathaniel Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Tanglewood Tales: Nathaniel Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Greek Heroes: Charles Kingsley.
Grandfather's Chair: Nathaniel Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Stories from the Arabian Nights.
Jackanapes: J. H. Ewing. Roberts Brothers.
Alice in Wonder-Land: Lewis Carroll.
Through the Looking Glass: Lewis Carroll.
Tom Brown's School Days: Thomas Hughes.
Robinson Crusoe: Daniel De Foe. American Book Co.
Stories of Star-Land: Mary Proctor. Potter, Putnam, & Co.
An Archer with Columbus: C. E. Brimblecorn.
Colonial Ballads: M. J. Preston. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Readings in Nature's Book: Swinton & Cathcart. American Book Co.
Gulliver's Travels: Jonathan Swift.

FOR REFERENCE AND TEACHER'S USE

Raphael: E. M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Michael Angelo: E. M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
Frail Children of the Air: S. H. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.
The Heroes of Asgard: Annie Keary.
Trees of the United States: A. C. Apgar. American Book Co.
Autobiography: Benjamin Franklin.

LIST OF PICTURES

Raphael: Madonna Granduca, Madonna of the Goldfinch, School of Athens, St. Peter in Prison, Deliverance of St. Peter, Transfiguration, Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
Michael Angelo: Moses, Delphic Sibyl, Last Judgment, Holy Family, David, Piéta.


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